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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1912.

The Week

Up to six o'clock of Monday evening the status of the controversy between the Eastern railway managers and their locomotive engineers indicated an immediate declaration of a strike. The managers, who had previously declared it impossible to grant the request for an average increase of 18½ per cent. in wages, wrote to the Chief of the Engineers' Brotherhood that their conference had "carefully reconsidered the whole subject at issue, and regret that they see no way of modifying the conclusions previously reached." The Brotherhood then answered:

> We consider your letter terminates all negotiations, and, as previously advised, the Chairmen will leave the city at the earliest moment possible to look after our interests. You will be notified, as stated in a former letter, as to the time the engineers will withdraw from the service.

At precisely this juncture, the two official Government mediators under the Erdman Act, Chairman Knapp of the United States Court of Commerce and Commissioner of Labor Neill, wrote thus to the Chief of the Brotherhood:

> It is evident that a grave situation has arisen, which threatens most serious consequences to the public. In this emergency we are impelled by the sense of duty to tender our friendly offices to the contending parties, in the hope that some means may be found to adjust the matters in dispute without the calamity of a general strike.

Such request had not been made in the present case by either party, but the mediators entered the controversy without it, and their offer was accepted by the engineers on Monday and by the railways on Tuesday.

It needs, we think, no more than a brief survey of the steps in the negotiation to show what a monstrous thing it was with which the Brotherhood leaders were threatening the people of this country, at the moment when the Government mediators intervened. That they yielded so quickly is evidence that they knew the kind of responsibility they were assuming. But the very fact that such a threat could have been seriously made is proof that the machinery of official intervention in such matters for the protection of society must be enlarged. It is true in principle that no man can be forced to work against his will; but it is quite as true that there are certain occupations in which men have no right whatever so to quit their work as to stop the ongoing of that industry—at least until the public authorities shall have passed on the situation. Civilization has always recognized this fact in the matter of employees on ocean vessels. As matters stand, we presume that the Government mediators, if they fail to bring employers and employees to terms, will be replaced by a formal commission of inquiry under Government auspices, to review the controversy as a whole. But the law ought now to be so framed that the ordering of a railway strike, without such reference to public examination of the matters in dispute, shall be made unlawful and be visited with severe penalties.

The defeat of Senator Bourne in Oregon is the most terrible blow yet struck at the rule of the people. Direct government, with all the paraphernalia of postcard canvasses, rural free delivery of candidates' photographs, and personal letters to voters in the farthest corners of the commonwealth, had no more ardent advocate or more complete exemplar than Senator Bourne. Indeed, he was one of the creators of the system, of which in turn he became the finest product. One of his keenest delights was to point an enraptured Senate, or an awe-struck after-dinner party, to that grandest spot of the American continent, where rolled the Oregon and Senator Bourne. And now he has been hoist with his own petard. The one guaranteed method of popular government has retired its guarantor from governing.

One of the objections urged against the direct primary has been the number of names among which the voter would have to choose. In Chicago, where, to be sure, the situation in this respect is worse than in any other large city, the man in the polling booth was confronted at the recent primary with long lists of candidates, from which to select nominees for about sixty positions. One result of this condition was the frequent abandonment of our prized secrecy in marking the ballot. Ballots were spread out on desks, counters, and other available surfaces, not only in full sight of bystanders, but often by two or more voters in open collaboration. As the *Daily News* points out, this absurd multiplicity of names has been not so much created as exaggerated by the direct primary. Under the convention system, the citizen was relieved of this task of choosing among aspirants for office, but who relieved him, and with what motive? In November, too, Chicagoans will have put into their hands an unwieldy ballot. This time there will be party emblems to guide them and lighten the work of indicating whom they prefer. In other words, they will vote for a President or a Governor, and take whoever else happen to be on the same ticket with him. The way of escape is not the giving up of direct primaries, but the appointment instead of the election of minor officers and a consequent short ballot.

That the appointment of a head for the newly-created Children's Bureau in the Department of Commerce and Labor was to be made upon considerations of fitness only is a thing that those interested in the efficacy of the new agency doubtless took for granted. There is no more gratifying evidence of our progress in governmental matters than that which is furnished by the practice, now become altogether habitual in the Federal Administration, of placing in charge of special undertakings persons selected without reference to any consideration other than that of qualification for the post. That in this instance the choice should have fallen upon a woman adds to the interest of the case, Miss Lathrop being the first of her sex to be appointed as head of a bureau in the United States Government. Her work in connection with problems of social improvement and with the administration of charities has been of such extent and importance as to warrant the expectation of excellent work by her in her new post of responsibility.

In all the pressure of appropriation bills and the excitement of political discussions in Congress, it is to be hoped that one non-partisan and non-conten-

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tious matter of great importance will not be overlooked. We refer to the bill favoring and authorizing an international inquiry into the causes of the high cost of living. It has passed the Senate, before which it came with the unanimous recommendation of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. Now it is awaiting action by the House, and it is greatly to be desired that this may be favorable. Our readers are acquainted with the nature of the proposal. It is that the President shall be empowered to invite foreign Governments to join in the plans for a world-wide and exhaustive investigation, by disinterested experts, of the rise in price of the necessaries of life. A remarkable body of economic opinion, in this country and abroad, has pronounced itself in favor of the undertaking. So far as sounded on the subject, the authorities in foreign lands are well disposed to the measure.

The action of a large Western manufacturing establishment in widening the plan of arbitration already existing between the firm and its employees is a characteristic incident of our time. This concern has been working for a year under an arrangement in accordance with which disagreements were taken before two arbitrators, representing the two interested parties. Now a trade board is to be organized. Five members will represent the employees, and five the firm. These ten will choose one more, who will be the chairman, and will vote only in case of a tie. The significant provision is that no question shall be submitted to this board until its merits have been considered by two deputies, one for each of the contestants. If they disagree, or if either the firm or the employees desire to appeal from their decision, then the question comes before the board.

The New York *Medical Journal* is exercised over the fact that, in a country where there is otherwise so much "spread-eagleism," the achievements of certain public servants are not heralded as American triumphs. Some notice, to be sure, was taken of the reduction of the death rate among the employees in the Canal Zone from 41.73 per thousand in 1906 to 10.89 in the first six months of 1911; but it was not till after the deaths of Walter Reed and Carroll that any appreciation was given to the commission which in Cuba accomplished "the swiftest, most brilliant, and triumphant conquest over disease which this world has seen." The eradication of smallpox in the Philippines and Porto Rico was taken as a matter of course, and hardly any attention has been paid to the remarkable achievements of Ashford, King, and Gutierrez in their campaign against the hookworm disease in Porto Rico. In 1898 this disease was more fatal in that island, where it constituted more than 22 per cent. of the total mortality, than tuberculosis is in temperate zones. Six years later the matter was taken up by the Legislature, and in 1907 there were thirty-five dispensaries on the island. A single dose of thymol cured 41.8 per cent. of all cases, while 93.4 per cent. of the remainder were cured by doses continued for two months. One-third of the whole population was treated.

Mr. Isidor Straus will long be remembered as one of Grover Cleveland's stanchest friends and supporters. Just as his brother Oscar is one of the few remaining men of distinction who are strong advocates of Mr. Roosevelt's re-election, Mr. Straus never abated one iota of his admiration of Mr. Cleveland, he being as intense a Democrat as his brother is a Republican. But Isidor Straus was never a Bryan man, his labors for the sound-money cause being one of his best public services. For William L. Wilson, too, Mr. Straus had a warm and generous affection growing out of their association and coöperation during the days of the Wilson Tariff bill and Mr. Straus's worthy but too brief service as a Congressman. That so useful and public-spirited a career should have been terminated by such a heart-rending tragedy as marked his end and his devoted wife's death on the Titanic, is a cruel blow of fate. Yet the story of the heroic self-sacrifice of Mrs. Straus will carry its own lesson and inspiration to thousands upon thousands in whose memory it will always linger as a perfect picture of marital devotion.

Pity the poor religionist! By any other name he may prove acceptable, but never by a title savoring of the churchly occupation. Mr. C. S. Cooper, in the concluding chapter of his studies in undergraduate life in the *Century*, finds the need for a new type of official in our universities:

> He should be a close student of college affairs, sympathetic with students, human, high-minded, natural, and keenly alive to humor and social interests. In some institutions this man might hold the leadership in philanthropic, religious, and social-service interests. It might be his privilege to arrange lectures by leading men of the country who were filled with zeal for their callings. The man who could make possible the endowment of such a chair in a great university would be doing a great work for his country.

But such a position, Mr. Cooper warns us, must not go to the college pastor, who is looked upon "as a professional religionist, and therefore shunned by many students who need him most." Be a spiritual leader, a moralist, a philanthropic teacher, an endowed guide for the young, but, for heaven's sake, don't drag in the name of religion; it's fatal.

It is not upon the basis of the fluctuating daily reports from Mexico that the attitude of this Government towards Madero can be determined. Every day the telegraph wire brings news of entire States "overrun" by rebels, or "reconquered" by Federals. Now the Zapatistas have been curbed in Puebla, and now they are in complete possession. Now Morelos has been completely "pacified," and the next day it is once more "ablaze" with revolution. Our State Department cannot base its policy on the petty results of a guerrilla warfare carried on for the greater part with no other end in view than the opportunity for loot. We must weigh Madero's ultimate chances against the only enemy that seriously threatens his position, namely, the rebel army of the north under Gen. Orozco. And in weighing the relative chances of Federalists and revolutionists in Chihuahua, it behooves us to consider to what extent the hope of procuring American intervention has been responsible in keeping up the revolutionary ardor.

Cuba, too, is in the preliminary excitement of a Presidential campaign, and is having her troubles incident to it. The Conservatives have nominated Gen. Menocal, and are well united in his support. On the Liberal side there have been bitter quarrels. The two leading Liberal candidates are Dr. Alfredo Zayas and Gov. Asbert. In the background has been all along President Gomez, about whose intentions a great

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deal of uncertainty has existed. Whom he favored as a successor, and whether he might not seek the office again himself, have been questions frequently asked but never satisfactorily answered. As between Asbert and Zayas there appears to be little doubt that Gomez inclines to support the former. But Zayas has a majority of the Congressional Liberals on his side, and has, in fact, been formally put in nomination by them. The party, however, remains seriously divided. According to the Havana *Discusión*, it is despondent and without any fixed policy.

The financial issues bound up with Home Rule for Ireland continue to absorb the attention of parliamentarians and pamphleteers. And presumably a parliamentarian or a pamphleteer is right in laying stress on questions of pounds and pence. Yet it seems absurd, in any broader view, that a question of such historic importance as the solution of Ireland's ancient claims should be brought into juxtaposition with a surplus of £1,500,000 or a deficit of £2,000,000. Even the hard-headed parliamentarian knows that the difference between a contented people and a discontented people, between an Ireland hating Great Britain and an Ireland reunited to Great Britain, is bound to bear results in shillings and pence that his puny calculations cannot foresee. A thriving agriculture, an expanding national industry, a régime that will not drive the best blood of the peasantry across the seas—who can foresee what the effects will be on Irish budgets ten or twenty years from now? But somehow the pamphleteer cannot get away from his financial details.

One of the provisions of the Irish Home Rule bill promises to make an innovation in British constitutional law. This is the proposal to leave it to the courts, or to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, to decide whether a given act passed by the new Irish Parliament is within its powers. As Prime Minister Asquith explained in his speech introducing the bill for the government of Ireland, such judicial oversight of Irish legislation was felt to be a desirable and even necessary safeguard. In addition to the list of subjects about which the Irish Parliament is specifically forbidden to pass laws, there is given a right of appeal as to the "validity" of any laws that it may enact. This appeal lies, first, to the Irish Court of Appeal, and thence, if the matter be highly important, to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Moreover, it is provided in the Home Rule bill itself that any legislation in Ireland which is "repugnant" to the terms of the bill, "shall be null and void." It will readily be seen that this opens a new field in English jurisprudence. The doctrine of the omnipotence of Parliament has never been questioned by English judges. It is true that Colonial legislation has sometimes been disallowed by the Privy Council, but this has not been in the regular course of judicial appeal and constitutional decision, such as is now proposed for Ireland. We seem to have here a distinct borrowing from the American system.

The arrival of the Prince of Wales in Paris, where he is to remain for six months in order to perfect himself in the French language, is everywhere interpreted as a plain notice that the Anglo-French friendship is stronger than ever. When the late difficulties between France and the German Empire over Morocco were brought to an end, largely through the intervention of Great Britain, there was plenty of criticism on both sides of the Channel with regard to the utility of the *entente cordiale*. The discontented faction in London was sure that Great Britain had been brought to the edge of war for the sake of France. The discontented faction in Paris was sure that France once more had been made the catspaw for England. But the great mass of public opinion in both countries has been heartily in favor of the unofficial alliance between the two countries, and the sojourn of the heir to the British throne in France has been welcomed even by those Frenchmen to whom the British alliance does not commend itself. The Gallic *amour-propre* has been pleasantly tickled at the fact that the Prince should have been detailed to pursue his studies at the Collège de France and the Sorbonne prior to matriculating at Oxford.

The bombardment of the Dardanelles fortifications by an Italian fleet may have been intended to lend driving force to the peace proposals that are being put forward by the Powers at Constantinople; or the aim may have been to accelerate the pace at which the Powers have been proceeding in the work of mediation. In either case, whether the warning is directed towards the Government at Constantinople or to the European chancelleries, it is plain that the war has entered upon a critical phase. If the reports from Constantinople are true, stating that the Italians were repulsed with loss, there can be little doubt that Italy will proceed to cast aside all her self-imposed limitations and inaugurate a war *à outrance*. In such a struggle, the risk to the nations of Europe would be greater than to Italy herself. Her own prestige has been suffering badly as a result of the protracted struggle in Tripoli and the disquieting rumors of defeat that continue to filter out from that region. If the Italian Government should decide to carry the war into the heart of the enemy's country, it is doubtful whether any of the European Powers would be willing to go to extremes for the sake of Turkey.

Coincident with the news of the bombardment of the Dardanelles comes the report that the elections to the Turkish Parliament have resulted in an overwhelming triumph for the Young Turk party as represented by the Committee of Union and Progress. A war election, as a rule, will turn out in favor of the party in power. Patriotic sentiment reinforces the argument against swapping horses in the middle of the stream. But the situation was not so favorable with regard to the Committee of Union and Progress. Its influence had been steadily declining. The Committee's dictatorship, as it has been described, was resented by many partisans of constitutional government. Personal and factional intrigue was rife, and seemed to be the forewarning of final dissolution. The Young Turks were accused of having neglected the defences of the Empire, with Tripoli as a result. But in the last resort the fact remained that if the Young Turks were to be driven from power there was no one to take their place. A return to the old Hamidian régime was inconceivable. And no Moderate party had arisen to assume charge of the terribly difficult business of transforming a despotism into a constitutional government.

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THE TRAGEDY REVEALED.

Contradictory as are the narratives of the survivors of the Titanic in many details, the essential facts stand out clearly enough. There was no panic; the crew as a whole behaved admirably, although but recently brought together. The passengers were unusually self-possessed, owing to the belief, at first held, that the taking to the boats was merely a precaution. The proportion of women saved is notably high, only about 13 in the first cabin and 25 in the second having been lost. Many of those in the steerage were also rescued, as well as 20 stewardesses. Had the boats been fully laden there would have been room for all the women and more men than were rescued. As in many another wreck, these victims of criminal neglect and carelessness paid the forfeit of their lives bravely enough. If there were exceptions, they merely proved the rule.

Beyond this, however, two terrible, damning facts stand out—the first, that the ship was speeding through an ice-field of the presence of which its officers were fully aware; the second is that every life could readily have been saved had there been boats and rafts enough to keep people afloat in a clear, starry night on an exceptionally smooth Atlantic sea. Both of these facts are indisputable. Whether the ship was making eighteen or twenty or twenty-one knots, or more, may never be known precisely; but the exact figure is of no importance. Everybody thus far reported testifies that there was no decrease noticeable in the vibration of the engines as the ship surged ahead. Every seaman knows that at night an iceberg takes the color of the ocean; but that made no difference. Whether it was the desire to make a record on the maiden voyage, or whatever the motive may have been, the ship drove on. A smaller ship might perhaps have turned quickly enough as soon as the berg was sighted, but the Titanic changed her course only so as to inflict a fatal wound; a head-on collision would probably have been less disastrous. As it was, the ship tore her bottom out, and the rest is known. The captain was not on the bridge when she struck, although less than three hours before the accident the Titanic acknowledged with thanks the warning of the Mesaba that, dead ahead, were "much heavy packed ice and great numbers of bergs." For this recklessness Capt. Smith paid not only with his life, but, alas! with those of at least 1,500 others; the responsibility for being so far north is of course not his.

As for the lifeboats—these expensive affairs that cost the large sum of $425 apiece—there were but twenty of them in addition to a few rafts. Only fourteen of these were large boats, two were smaller, and four of the collapsible type. These were all that the Board of Trade certificate called for, and far be it from the White Star Line to spend $425 in providing one more than the law required. Its officials were aware that fully half of their own steamer Republic's passengers would have been lost had there been no rescuing Baltic at hand. They knew, too, that ships are sometimes sunk on their maiden voyages, for their own big freighter the Naronic was never heard of after leaving New York on her first return trip. They were—so the excuse now runs—so deluded by the naval constructors' theory that the Titanic was "practically unsinkable" as not to think about this matter of lifeboats at all. The absurdity of this attempt to avoid the terrible guilt charged upon them is perfectly apparent if one but considers that the Majestic, Teutonic, and other ships of the line not pronounced the "last word in marine construction" are inadequately equipped—precisely like virtually every other liner, American or foreign, that leaves this harbor.

Fortunately, the time-worn falsehood that there was not room enough for more lifeboats has been abandoned for once. That the Titanic, a sea-monster 882 feet long and 92 feet broad, could not carry more boats than did this same line's Britannic in the late seventies is preposterous. If one-third of the souls on board the Titanic were saved by less than twenty boats, for some are supposed to have sunk and one is known to have turned over, it would only have taken sixty boats to accommodate all. As if an eleven-deck liner could not find room for sixty boats! As for these little craft, they appear to have been lowered by block and fall precisely as was done nearly 200 years ago; there was no motor in any one of them. Nor was one of them, we venture to say, of the self-righting type, now in use by the Lighthouse Service. Naturally, there was no water on board of them, much less provisions; had their passengers been compelled to float about for a day or two instead of from five to six hours, additional tortures must have been added to this most distressing of tragedies, and the roll of deaths would have been further increased.

We are glad to note that the Hamburg-American Line promised immediately that henceforth there should be a seat in a lifeboat to every passenger. Moreover, its agent, Mr. Boas, is asking the President to call an international conference to try to bring about uniformity in the matter of boiler inspection and the question of life-saving devices. We congratulate the line upon this action, which is being followed by other companies.

Meanwhile, before this session of Congress adjourns, without waiting for international agreements, or referring the matter to The Hague, Congress should give notice of its intention to insist that every ship entering American waters shall provide a seat in a lifeboat for every living being carried by it. This is a simple proposal, requiring the plainest of statutes, and only honest inspection by the Government official charged with that duty. Besides, there must be prompt orders to take less dangerous routes, at the dangerous season of the year.

FACERS FOR ROOSEVELT.

Col. Roosevelt declined Congressman Gardner's challenge to meet him in joint debate in Massachusetts this week. Possibly he was moved by the need of preserving his dignity, though it may be that he had an inkling of the sort of questions which the Congressman would plump at him. But the Colonel's refusal to encounter Mr. Gardner has not saved him from having the disagreeable queries put straight at him, or from having the short and ugly word applied to him by a man who has seen the documentary evidence. Congressman Gardner is evidently loaded for big game; and the fact that it is a former champion of Mr. Roosevelt's, and no less a man than the son-in-law of Senator Lodge, who now hurls these damaging charges at the head of the ex-President, shows that he is not a person to be whistled down the wind as one who is necessarily a crook because he is against Roosevelt. The charges are too specific as well as too damning for the Colonel to ignore. He

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must make an answer or lose all reputation for being an honest man.

Congressman Gardner accuses Col. Roosevelt to his face of most dishonorable conduct towards President Taft. This is not on general principles. It is not the question whether he ought to have continued friendly to Mr. Taft and supported him for renomination. The matter is much more serious than that. It strikes at the good faith and the honor of Mr. Roosevelt. First there was the Lorimer case. Col. Roosevelt has gone up and down the land seeking votes, especially in Illinois, with the assertion on his lips, or the covert insinuation in his speeches, that President Taft was tied up with Senator Lorimer. Now, on this point, Congressman Gardner expresses himself with direct vigor. He says to Col. Roosevelt:

> I charge you with knowing this is not the fact. I assert that the best evidence to the contrary is contained in the correspondence between you and the President at the time of the first agitation of the subject. A mistaken sense of delicacy, as I am told, prevents President Taft from publishing the correspondence. I know that this correspondence exists, and in behalf of square dealing I call on you and President Taft to produce it.

This is both too precise and too harmful for Col. Roosevelt to overlook. If there is such a correspondence in existence, then it reduces Roosevelt to the moral level of a man who fights with poisoned bullets. If he dares not ask it, the public will demand that the letters be published. Everybody knows what *he* would have done long ago with private letters, if his position and Taft's had been reversed.

Another accusation made by Congressman Gardner throws a ray of illumination upon Col. Roosevelt's assumption that he has all along been with the Progressives. The beginning of their fight in Congress was, as everybody recalls, against Speaker Cannon. To unhorse him was their great aim. And no charge has been more frequently brought forward against President Taft than that he was neutral in the great struggle against Cannon, or positively sided with the veteran of the machine. But now Mr. Gardner alleges that, at the very time he and the other Progressive Republicans were in the thick of that contest, Mr. Roosevelt was "engaged in advising President Taft to get together with Uncle Joe Cannon." "I have *seen the original correspondence*," affirms the Congressman. What has Mr. Roosevelt to say to this? If it is not true, he has been grossly calumniated; but if it is true, he has been detected in a piece of moral imposture. Either way, he and his friends cannot afford to lose a day in replying to the questions sharply asked by Congressman Gardner.

On another point the Massachusetts Representative is also effective. He challenges Mr. Roosevelt in the matter of subserviency to great financial interests. Charging that Mr. Roosevelt, when President, made "exceptions for [his] favorites," in the enforcement of the Anti-Trust law, Mr. Gardner calls upon him to produce the suppressed report of his own Commissioner of Corporations on the Harvester Trust. In this matter it has been the common belief in Washington that a great scandal has been hidden. It has been asserted that a prosecution of the Harvester Trust was urged by both the Commissioner and the Attorney-General, but that it was prevented by Mr. Roosevelt's orders. This is what Congressman Gardner refers to, no doubt, when he demands that the "suppressed papers" be given out by the Department of Justice. The thing would be done if Roosevelt asked for it. But can he afford not to ask for it? Can he rest silent under this direct imputation not only upon his honor as an individual, but his integrity as President?

We take it that from now on the Taft managers will move in force upon Roosevelt. They undoubtedly have it in their power to show up his insincerity and his hypocrisy in deadly fashion? Well, he has left them free to do it. If there was any obligation on the President's part to spare the man who had done so much for him, he is certainly released from it now. We hope that he will make no bones of the matter when he speaks in Massachusetts this week, and will not only charge Roosevelt with duplicity, but produce the evidence to prove it.

THE "NEW" HEALTH PROBLEMS.

The new meaning of public health, says Mr. Robert W. Bruère in *Harper's*, is economic and social. The modern public health officer takes an "essentially religious attitude toward life. The peculiar character of his responsibilities compels him to visualize the community as a whole, to concern himself not so much with individual cases, or indeed ultimately with disease at all, as with the economic and social conditions that are at the foundation of public health." There is really nothing new in this point of view. Social workers and doctors have been preaching it for years. The ordinary layman, however, is but dimly conscious of its truth, and of the hopelessness of campaigns against disease in which this department of the attacking army, which might be likened to the commissariat, is not carefully organized. Mr. Bruère's effective restatement of the situation is, therefore, welcome.

Of the two aspects of public health, by far the more difficult is the economic. The doctor can and does devise methods of treatment and cure for the specific physical ailments he meets. He draws up sanitary rules and modes of community life with the purpose of preventing disease, and where these can be applied his efforts are fairly successful. But no preventive has been found of poverty, or shiftlessness, or the bad heredity which fastens a handicap on the individual before he is born. The health officer meets these conditions at every turn. They do not prevent him from pressing on, but they do grievously hamper his work, and bring much of it to naught. The private physician is continually running into medical stone walls like this: A widowed mother with four small children, living in one room of a dirty tenement, is found to have tuberculosis of the lungs. In these surroundings she is certainly doomed to death. The children are in imminent danger of infection through ignorance and the impossibility of maintaining even decent conditions (to say nothing of sanitary ones) in such a place. The physician thinks she might have a chance if she could go to the country, take a long rest, and eat plenty of good, nourishing food. Obviously, this is not a medical problem. It is almost wholly economic and social. The cure is a question of money, not medicine. The ultimate problem, that of preventing the conditions leading up to such hopeless and barbarous situations, is also economic. When discovered (after most of the harm is done, be it noted) the worst of these cases are taken in hand by public or private philanthropy and a belated effort made to help them.

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As an illustration of what can be done by the combination of scientific medicine and public financial resources, Mr. Bruère gives a page or two from the recent history of Pennsylvania. Before 1905 diphtheria in that State was very fatal. Between 40 and 50 per cent. of the cases died. This enormous rate was due to the terrible mortality among the poor. The State Health Department promptly inaugurated a campaign against diphtheria. Up to December 31, 1910, it had treated 27,000 poor patients, furnishing antitoxin and physicians free. During this period the mortality from the disease was 8½ per cent. Above 20,000 exposed persons were immunized. Of these but 2 per cent. developed diphtheria, and among the immunized the death rate was less than one-ninth of one per cent. The result of this campaign translated into human beings was a saving of something between two thousand and three thousand lives each year, at a cost of about $7 each.

Yet such campaigns against infectious disease are but the beginnings of the fight. They are the easiest to wage; success is immediate and striking, and there is no organized opposition, unless the inertia of the public can be called organized. In the case of heart disease, affections of the kidneys, insanity (all of which are on the increase), hygienic ignorance (still unduly common in high places), unsanitary tenements, overcrowded, ill-ventilated factories, and the various "don'ts" which the eugenists declare must be enforced before a really robust and sane and healthy civilization can be attained, there are a vast number of difficulties. These range from a modification of habits of living, through interference with profitable manslaughter (in the case of foul tenements and factories), to attacks upon long-established social tradition and custom, and interference in personal affairs of the most private character. Plainly, therefore, the weapons needed are educational and economic rather than medical. The two essentials to success are an intelligent public opinion and plenty of money. Indubitably, the primary necessity is public opinion, for, given that, the money follows.

Needless to say, Mr. Bruère is an advocate of a Federal Department of Health. He thinks the Washington statesmen are in need of a confrère, a Secretary of Health, with the position and the right effectively to urge the importance of "the newer social and economic questions" upon their attention. A Government machine that spends more than five hundred and nine millions of a total annual budget of six hundred and fifty millions (these are the figures for 1910) on preparations for war and military pensions, and nothing or next to nothing in lowering the criminally high infant mortality, the deadly child labor, the sweatshop work of women, is as much out of joint with the times socially as is politically the Czar's bureaucracy.

THE REAL UNITED STATES.

When Arnold Bennett, having left New York, arrived in Washington, he says in the second instalment of his impressions in the May *Harper's*, he was congratulated on having quitted the false America for the real. When he got to Boston, he received the general sympathy for having been put off so long with spurious imitations of the country he had come to see. Upon reaching Chicago, he was informed that at last he was at the gate of the United States, only to discover, when he entered Indianapolis, that any such pretension was grotesque, the authentic centre of the nation obviously being the spot which he had finally been so fortunate as to behold. But he is not confused by this conflict of claims. With the happy detachment of the foreigner he sees something genuinely American in every American community. What is more, the boldness that is inspired, or at least sustained, by distance, enables him to declare that the streets of every American city that he saw reminded him rather strongly of the streets of all the others. In a word, we gather that to Mr. Bennett America seems full of Americanism. If such a view of us is a little disturbing to the local pride of Philadelphia, St. Louis, and Seattle, it will surely be pardoned as soon as its subtle flattery is realized. For it is as if our visitor had approached each successive stopping-point with an open mind, ready at the first opportunity to paraphrase the convenient formula of Phillips Brooks, when confronted by a mother presenting an infant for his praises, by exclaiming, "This *is* America!"

Not that our late observer gives the same valuation to all of our achievements. The circumstance that they are all truly American naturally means less as a final measure of their worth to him than to us. Nor are the differences merely matters of good, better, and best. He is frankly disconcerted by our "sublime, romantic contempt for law and for human life." And he will not allow us to call Tammany, for instance, a blot on the social system of this city. He insists that it is a part of the social system, just as much a part of it, and just as expressive of the national character, as our fine schools, our fine hospitals, our superlative business organizations, and—our theatres. A civilization, he holds, is indivisibly responsible for itself, and cannot extenuate its faults by denominating them "blots" dropped upon it from without. Evidently, Mr. Bennett did not propose to be limited to the "show-places" to which we should prefer our alien guests to confine their admiring attention. Having graciously accepted our word for it when we modestly pointed to the features of our civilization that we thought he would like, and termed them American, he confutes us with our own logic by extending the name to the spots which we do indeed suffer among us, but which we had convinced ourselves were no real part of America.

It is easier to forgive Mr. Bennett his disappointment in not finding the "American rush." That he looked for it carefully and in the right places, is undeniable. Yet he can only recommend earnest students of "hustle" not to waste their time on New York or Chicago, but to visit Paris or Milan. The truth is that we are not more than half to blame for the legend of our haste. It has for a long period been one of the phenomena which visibly impressed foreigners, and as we could see nothing disgraceful in it, and it is agreeable to make an impression, we, of course, encouraged the idea. Now that its hollowness has been publicly exposed, and we are developing other impressive possibilities, we shall not make a fight over its retention in the catalogue of Americana. To this we are the more disposed by the satisfying extent to which our observer discovers the poetic spirit among us. We have been so uniformly characterized as materialistic that perhaps we have taken extra pains to show the curious foreigner just how sordid we can be when we try. One is always tempted to grat-

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ify one's instinct for making a stranger open his eyes, and when he clearly expects to be astonished by seeing some particular thing, we should be far less good-natured than the most hostile of our critics has credited us with being if we did not stretch a point to save him from disappointment.

Mr. Bennett places us under no such necessity. Europeans, he observes disinterestedly, are apt to assume that to tack numbers instead of names on to the thoroughfares of a city is to impair their identities and individualities. "Not a bit!" he exclaims. Such is the mysterious poetic force of the human mind that "the numbers grow into names." And so it comes about that Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street are as well distinguished by their numerical designations as if they had been more pictorially christened. Do not even the Parisians speak of the "Boulevard des Italiens" without a thought of the literal meaning of the words? Or will any one propose a better name for the Ninth Symphony? It is decidedly pleasant to be defended in this way, so pleasant that one may scent a danger in it. It makes it fatally easy to excuse anything for which we are condemned by representing it as poetry in the making. If American street-numbering can be made to show a touch of imagination, why not our stockyards and our Trusts and our stage and our slums and our literature and our politics? One contingency may operate to restrain us from such a surrender to the glorification of America as it is. Mr. Bennett, with his awkward habit of looking at our civilization on both sides, may reasonably be expected to return some day for a second inspection and estimate of it.

EXPERIMENTS IN EDUCATION.

The attention aroused by the reforms connected with the name of Signora Montessori, brings forward once more the widely divergent views on popular education that find expression in the periodical press. On the one hand we read most enthusiastic accounts of what has been accomplished by Signora Montessori by methods which we may call, in a broad sense, Froebelian. The theory that the unfolding of the child's mind shall be carried on in complete harmony with the physical and mental nature of the child, that learning shall be made to coincide as much as possible with instinctive action, and work with play, needs no elucidation here. It has entered into the very fundamentals of modern pedagogy. And yet there is no lack of evidence that all is not well with the system in its practical results. It is not the hard-headed citizen alone who has his distrust of "fads and fancies" in the schools. No less an authority than Superintendent Maxwell of New York was recently quoted as saying that he had his serious doubts with regard to the efficacy of the kindergarten work in the public schools.

The difficulty is apparently this: The demands upon the public schools in a democracy like ours, with a rapidly growing population, are increasing in number and variety. The thesis that it is the duty of the State to educate its members for the citizenship is altogether too narrow, unless we give to the word "citizenship" and to the word "educate" a constantly broadening connotation. The schools to-day must not only teach the three R's, nor yet teach science only, nor yet the foreign languages, nor yet the manual arts—they must do something else besides teach altogether. They must watch over the physical health of the child and its moral welfare, and thus assume functions which hitherto have been regarded as belonging entirely to the home. School hygiene no longer means the proper ventilation of schoolrooms. It means medical examination of children for eyesight, hearing, breathing, sitting, and walking. It concerns itself with the entire subject of nutrition. The school thus reaches outside of school bounds and watches over the child at his breakfast in the home and at his play in the street or in tne public playground. It is beginning to give concern to the child's vocational future—to the business of preparing him for the walk in life for which he is presumably best fitted. In other words, the burden thrown upon our public schools is enormous. The demand is constantly for results and results. But when the schools brace themselves to the tremendous task of extracting results by methods adapted to a swarming democracy, the complaint is not slow in coming: "Machine methods! The school-system is a grind! It only stifles the young soul in our children!"

We may turn to an interesting example of school methods that are not mechanical and that do not crush out the individuality of the infant soul. There was founded in this city recently the "Ferrer Modern School," based on the teachings of the anarchist philosopher and educational reformer whom the Spanish Government judicially murdered not so very long ago. An account of the methods of the Ferrer "libertarian education," as it is carried on in this city, was given the other day in the *Call* by one of the teachers connected with the school. The elementary class now consists of nine children in regular attendance, ranging in age from four to ten years. Regular attendance in the "libertarian" sense means that the children do not assemble at a given hour; "they come when they wish to come, and go when they wish to go." Thus it appears that on a certain Monday, little Gorky came at 7:30, Stuart at 8, Oscar at 9, Rion at 9:30, Amour at 9:45, Magda and Sophie at 10, and Ruth and Revolte at 11. That day, however, was exceptional in its demonstration of the "liberty of assemblage"; most days, the class is in full session before ten o'clock.

And now as to methods:

> Each of the pupils has his or her blank book, in which the arithmetic, the writing, and the occasional drawing are done. In these blank books every morning I write certain examples and problems. Whether they are done or not; whether they are done in the morning or in the afternoon, is left to the choice of the pupil. Strange to say, the pupils—with occasional exceptions, of course—not only do the examples, but often ask for more. The teaching, necessarily, is individual; and especially so in reading. Where new arithmetical processes are taught, it often enough happens that more than one pupil wishes to attend; but to ask the other pupils to attend when one pupil is reading is to ask that which you will never get, even by compulsion. My experience in the public schools has convinced me that, when you think the class is attending to a reader, it is really attending to the story, or to something else; the great majority of the pupils are reading ahead, for the obvious reason that he who reads aloud must read more slowly than he who reads to himself.

And we learn that every other subject is taught in the same individualistic manner. History is mastered by making the children assume the rôle of a certain historic character and act it out. Thus a boy is John Smith and a girl is Pocahontas, and visitors on entering the classroom have been asked, "Are you an Indian or a white man?"

There is no intention, of course, to suggest that this picture of pedagogical chaos would exactly describe the Mon-

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tessori method or any of our established pedagogical systems. It may even be an unfair picture of the Ferrer method as it obtains in Spain, where it is reported to have won excellent results. But it nevertheless remains true that most of these pedagogical methods which arise in protest against the "maiming of the child's soul," merely foster a spirit of lawlessness and leave the child in the end a prey to his undisciplined impulses. A vine that is not pruned and trained bears but little fruit, and that of a degenerate quality. Fortunately, these schemes in their extreme form are not widely practicable: they presuppose a degree of leisure, of patience, and of material resources which may be forthcoming among a selected class, but which can hardly be expected in a community that has three-quarters of a million children to take care of in its schools.

ATHLETICS ABROAD.

While in this country there is increasing discussion concerning the exaggerated cult of the body as it is practiced in the colleges, the athletic spirit is reported to be making conquests among the European youth. The peoples of the Continent, it is to be noted, have never been so averse to the pursuit of physical exercise as in our contempt we are often driven to imagine. Taking athletics in its very broadest sense as the appreciation and pursuit of the open air, we find that in Germany, for instance, the love of the open is probably as widely prevalent as in England or this country. Only with the Germans as with the rest of the Continentals in minor degree, the passion manifests itself in a diffused and well regulated manner. It is less a matter of games and contests and more of pastime and recreation. The German pedestrian in his plumed hat, and knapsack on back, is an historical figure that still lives. Student and college professor, clerk and professional man, still spend their annual vacation fortnight on the roads of the Black Forest, in the Thuringian hills, or across the frontier in the Bernese Oberland and Tyrol. The workingman to whom a prolonged vacation is denied has his May-walks, his week-end camping-out parties, his open-air gymnastic drills. The consumption of food is not usually recognized as a branch of athletics, but even the pleasant German habit of dining by the thousands out-of-doors is a manifestation of the same fundamental love for the open sky and the green earth.

But now the strenuous American idea of physical culture is winning its way against the older and quieter methods. German moralists of the new school of efficiency who have learned to cite America as the great exemplar of success, are uttering their dissatisfaction with the flabby athletic ideas of the university student as expressed in the ceremonious sword-contests of the *Mensur* and elaborate beer-drinking competitions. Nor is there about gymnastic drill and the pleasant game of ninepins that aspect of the heroic which inheres in the manly exercise of running, jumping, and hurling ponderous weights to great distances. In part it has been the influence of America, but in greater measure it has been the influence of the Olympic Games, for the latest renewal of which at Stockholm in June the most elaborate preparations are making. The remarkable series of victories won at preceding Olympic festivals by the representatives of America has stimulated competition. There is no likelihood that our primacy in this respect is as yet endangered. We have too long a start and our resources are quite out of proportion to those any other nation can bring into the field. Nevertheless, in various branches of sport the Continental nations have been developing serious contenders. They have done very well in the recreative sports—such as golf, tennis, swimming, and rowing; and they are now turning their attention to the more specialized events—such as jumping and the sprints. Admirable features of the Olympic programme are the prizes for all-round ability. At Stockholm the established pentathlonic contest is to be supplemented by a "decathlon."

In France we have, in rather amusing and exaggerated form, a manifestation of the same return of the age-weary and over-cultured nations of Europe to primitive tastes and occupations. French sport has gone quite mad over pugilism. In the person of Georges Carpentier the country has developed a champion of international calibre, whose praises are hymned with a fine Gallic *élan* by statesmen, poets, and members of the Academy. The press teems with accounts of the triumphal progress of *la boxe*, and the man in the boulevard must be very well up by this time in the intricacies of *le round*, *le knockout*, and *le count*. That most estimable of family journals, *Les Annales*, features in one of its recent numbers a philosophical prose poem in praise of the squared ring, by Maurice Maeterlinck, supplemented by articles on *la boxe* in America by Paul Bourget, and on the hygiene of boxing by Carpentier, and illustrated with the familiar physical presentments of Jack Johnson and Jim Jeffries. Maeterlinck's essay is in his manner of gentle mysticism. The author of the "Treasure of the Humble", compares the extraordinary physical debility of the human animal for purposes of offence and defence, with the amazing resources displayed by the lower creatures. Man has neither the ant's tremendous lifting strength, nor the turtle's protective carapace, nor the almost impregnable ambulatory fortifications of the snail. But he does have his two fists and the skill of directing them towards vital spots, and of pouring into them the entire physical and nervous energy of his body. Maeterlinck then goes on to repeat the argument familiar to Anglo-Saxon ears, that skill with one's fists conduces to self-control and fair play, and saves a man from the extremes of cowardly fear and that uneasy self-assertion which is the product of fear.

About all this there is an air that is not altogether primitive and of the flesh. M. Maeterlinck's passion for the fine brutal impact of the clenched fist is largely cerebral. We detect the touch of the man whose interest is in the inner meaning of things; and what inner meaning can there be to so obviously external a fact as *le upper-cut* or *le knockout?* But if M. Maeterlinck's enthusiasm is largely poetic frenzy, it is safe to infer that on the part of the ordinary Frenchman this newly awakened fondness for fisticuffs belongs to the present renaissance of the French spirit, away from feminine decadencies and self-scarifications and lotus-eating, towards masculine self-confidence and the reassertion of those simple, healthy, primitive appetites which help a nation to make a firm stand when some other nation wants to deprive it of Morocco.

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NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In view of the fact that but few details of *Henry Fielding's* life in the period immediately following 1740 are to be had, it is unfortunate that writers generally have failed to observe that the personal remarks of Fielding in his Preface to the "Miscellanies" of 1743 concern two winters, not one winter. Lawrence ("Life," page 172), Keightley (*Fraser's Magazine*, January, 1858), Dobson ("Fielding," edit. 1905, page 107), Gerould ("Selected Essays of Fielding," page xx), and the Dictionary of National Biography apply the remarks to the one winter of 1742-3. Only Miss Godden ("Henry Fielding, A Memoir," pages 134-6), who does not call attention to the slips of other writers in the matter, who herself a little later slips like the rest, and who does not show the evidence in the case, seems to recognize that his words show that the winter of 1741-2, as well as that of 1742-3, was a hard one for Fielding. The winter of 1741-2 Fielding refers to as "last Winter," that of 1742-3 as "this Winter." The following assists to make this evident.

A part of Fielding's notice concerning the "Miscellanies," in the *Daily Post* of June 5, 1742, quoted by Miss Godden (page 173), reads: "The Publication of these Volumes hath been hitherto retarded by the Author's Indisposition last Winter, and a *Train of Melancholy Accidents scarce to* be parallel'd." This refers to the sickness and the distresses indicated in the following often-quoted passage in the Preface (1743 edit., third page from end; pages xxxiii-xxxvii are incorrectly numbered) to the "Miscellanies":

> While I was last Winter laid up in the Gout, with a favourite Child dying in one Bed, and my Wife in a Condition very little better, on another, attended with other Circumstances, which served as very proper Decorations to such a Scene, I received a Letter from a Friend, desiring me to vindicate myself from two very opposite Reflections, which two opposite Parties thought fit to cast on me, *viz.*, the one of writing in the *Champion*, (tho' I had not then writ in it for upwards of half a Year) the other, of writing in the *Gazetteer*, in which I never had the Honour of inserting a single Word.

The expression here is "last Winter." The burial of a "Charlott Fielding" (possibly the child spoken of) in February, 1742, is recorded in the Registers of St. Martin's in the Fields (Godden, page 136). On the fourth page from the end of the Preface, in the edition of 1743, Fielding stated that he had "long since (as long as from *June* 1741) desisted from writing one Syllable in the *Champion*, or any other public Paper." The passage referring to "last Winter" evidently, then (as will be seen farther), concerns the winter of 1741-2, and not as Lawrence, Keightley, Dobson, Gerould, and the Dictionary of National Biography interpret it, the winter of 1742-3.

In dealing with the incidents that led to the production of "The Wedding Day," which was played February, 1743, Fielding says in the Preface (page viii) to the "Miscellanies" that the play lay by him "neglected and unthought of, 'till this Winter." He then tells of Garrick's appeal for a play, of his writing of "The Good-Natured Man," then of the revamping and substituting of "The Wedding Day." He states (page xiii) that, while he was working on the play, "unfortunately, the extreme Danger of Life into which a Person, very dear to me, was reduced, rendered me incapable of executing my Task." Later on (sixth page from end) he apologizes "for the Delay in publishing these Volumes, the real Reason of which was, the dangerous Illness of one from whom I draw all the solid Comfort of my Life, during the greatest Part of this Winter." In these last passages, the phrase "this Winter" evidently is used of the winter of 1742-3. In the passage mentioning the gout, and the sickness of his wife and child, where he says he "had not then writ" in the *Champion* "for upwards of half a Year," the phrase "last Winter" evidently refers, as I have said, to the winter of 1741-2. This is supported by the fact that just after he has apologized for delay in publishing because of "the dangerous Illness of one," etc., and before he speaks of the gout and the illness of his wife and child, his expression shows that Fielding turned in mind to time considerably past; for he says, "Indeed when I look a Year or two backwards, and survey the Accidents which have befallen me, and the Distresses I have waded through whilst I have been engaged in these Works." . . . (fifth page from end of 1743 Preface).

JOHN EDWIN WELLS.

Correspondence

TO AMEND THE FEDERAL JUDICIAL CODE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of April 4, Prof. W. J. Shepard calls attention to the desirability of so amending the Federal Judicial Code as to permit appeals to the Supreme Court of the United States, from State decisions based on the Federal Constitution, where a State court declares a State law violative of Federal constitutional rights. Such a change in the Federal law is well worth while, but Professor Shepard is in error when he says that attention has not been called to this matter before. Nearly a year ago I succeeded in getting some members of Congress interested in the proposed amendment of the Judicial Code, and prepared a memorandum upon the subject, which was published in the *Illinois Law Review* for December, 1911. Prof. F. J. Goodnow has also considered the matter in his "Social Reform and the Constitution," and bills are now pending in the Senate and House of Representatives for the amendment of section 237 of the Federal Judicial Code. Hearings upon these bills have been held by both Senate and House Committees, and the hearings before the House Committee on the Judiciary have recently been printed. The American Bar Association, at its meeting in August, 1911, unanimously approved a recommendation that such legislation should be enacted.

Professor Shepard appears also to be in error as to the effect of such proposed legislation. If the Federal Judicial Code is amended in accordance with the suggestion referred to above, it will then be possible to appeal to the United States Supreme Court from State decisions declaring State statutes invalid, as violating the Federal Constitution. But most State decisions, or, at least, the most illiberal State decisions, are not based on the Federal Constitution alone. If a State court declares a State law invalid as violative either (1) of the State Constitution *alone*, or (2), *both* State and Federal Constitutions, the proposed amendment of the Federal Judicial Code would accomplish nothing, for the decisions in these cases would be sustainable without raising a Federal constitutional question. Now, it is precisely the cases not covered by this proposed legislation which make the most difficulty. Mr. Roosevelt's proposal for the "recall of judicial decisions" is, in reality, directed, not so much to the overcoming of State decisions based on the Federal Constitution (as to which the proposal itself would be unconstitutional), but aims primarily at the difficulty occasioned by illiberal State decisions based on State constitutional grounds. It may be well to call attention to the fact that a plan in many respects similar to Mr. Roosevelt's has been in operation in many States, and that State constitutional amendments have, in effect, in a number of cases, reversed State judicial decisions.

Mr. Roosevelt's proposal seeks to accomplish an end which cannot be effected by Federal legislation, and the purpose sought to be accomplished is in no sense revolutionary. The people of New York cannot be said to be revolutionary when they seek to overcome by constitutional amendment the decision of the New York Court of Appeals in Ives vs. South Buffalo Railway Company, in so far as it is based on the New York Constitution. For here it should be suggested that the New York Court expressly said that it should interpret the "due process of law" clause of the State Constitution so as to annul the compulsory workmen's compensation law, even if the identical clause in the Federal Constitution were interpreted by the United States Supreme Court so as to sustain such legislation.

The end which Mr. Roosevelt seeks to accomplish is a desirable one, and the end to be accomplished by the proposed amendment of the Federal Judicial Code is also desirable; but the relation between the two is not so close as Mr. Shepard seems to think. My own view is, however, that, if the Federal Judicial Code be amended, the States will be enabled to control their own courts by a method which appears less radical than that of Mr. Roosevelt. If the Federal Judicial Code were amended so as to allow appeals to the United States Supreme Court from all State decisions on Federal Constitutional questions; and, if the States removed from their Constitutions the "due process of law" clauses, "due process" decisions of State courts would then have to be based on the Fourteenth Amendment, and such decisions would be reviewable by the Supreme Court of the United States. And in this manner would be accomplished the purpose aimed at of restraining illiberal and often irresponsible declarations by State courts that State laws are invalid as depriving of "due process of law" under the State Constitutions. These suggestions were embodied in an article in the *Michigan Law Review* for December, 1911, before Mr. Roosevelt's declaration in favor of the "recall of judicial decisions." Any one who has studied the subject carefully will probably agree that Mr. Roosevelt's aim is not so radical as it has been made to appear.

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Whether the purpose aimed at shall be accomplished in part by Federal legislation and in part by State Constitutional amendment, or by the "recall of judicial decisions" (which, in Mr. Roosevelt's plan, is in effect but an easier method of amending State Constitutions), is a question upon which there may be a good deal of difference of opinion. W. F. DODD.

University of Illinois, April 17.

FRANCIS DAVIS MILLET.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A well-known gentleman who fortunately saved his life by keeping up in the sea and being picked up in time by one of the boats, has told us that he saw our friend, Frank Millet, very shortly before the Titanic went down, standing quietly on the deck while he waited placidly for the ship's inevitable sinking. He tells us that the smile that always played over his face had not altogether left him, and we know that he met his end like the brave man he was, no doubt regretting while he thought of his wife and children, that he was powerless in that hour of calamity to save others as well as himself. For it was one of Millet's fine qualities that no matter how much he might be beset with the troubles and difficulties that were a part of the never-ending activity of his life, he always somehow found time to give effective help to others. He did this, too, very often without being asked, for to his sympathetic nature was joined the quality of divination in such cases, his intuition being keen and his impulse to act a habit. I have often heard him say: "When you have a good idea, put it into execution at once"; and this was a rule of his own life, as well as his advice to others. If it had not been so, he could not have accomplished so much as he did in his useful and brilliant career, nor would a score of undertakings which came to success through his efforts, have remained to testify, as they do to-day, to his fine executive ability, his tact, and his knowledge of men and how to bring definite results out of suggestions, tentative plans, and, very often, complications of authority.

While Millet's mural decorations, which were his chief occupation as a painter in late years, are more in mind at the present moment than his easel pictures, it is worth while to speak particularly of his work as a painter of English *genre*. Born in Massachusetts of English stock, he remained absolutely American in his English surroundings in Worcestershire, but in his art he entered into the spirit of the Elizabethan age as completely, for instance, as did Abbey. At Broadway he bought an ancient ruined abbey which stood on ground adjoining Russell House, his residence in that now celebrated village, and at a time when I visited him there, early in 1895, he was restoring the building, both with stone and timber. One of his London friends, an architect, came there for a day or two at the same time, and he told me that though he thought his own knowledge in restoration was pretty thorough, he found Millet had made no mistakes whatever, and had, by his study at odd times, made himself perfectly competent to carry out the restoration unaided by professional counsel. It was in one of the ground-floor rooms of this old abbey that Millet posed his models and painted such pictures as Rook and Pigeon, The Black Hat, Between Two Fires, and others equally well known. This series of pictures, which must comprise as many as two score that may be called "important compositions," are of excellent technical quality. Pushed to a marked degree of finish, they recall in a way the work of the Dutch and Flemish masters, but they are quite different in their color schemes and lighting. All, or nearly all, of them are painted in a high key of light. Millet studied in Antwerp, but the style and conception of his work are distinctly his own. He could never have been satisfied with anything but painstaking endeavor, though he had a fine sense of ensemble and achieved that quality in his pictures.

His occupations and the missions he undertook for various public enterprises, not all of them connected with art, but at times more or less allied with it, took Millet pretty much all over the world. His life began early, first as a drummer-boy with a Massachusetts regiment in the Civil War, and he was correspondent for a great London newspaper in the Russian-Turkish war no more than eight years after he graduated at Harvard. His acquaintance was very wide and embraced many prominent men in official life, both at home and abroad. He was American, however, wherever he went, and preserved his American speech. It was indeed remarkable that he did so during his long residence with his family in England, participating intimately as they did in the life of the county people. He rarely made use of a foreign word or phrase in conversation, though he spoke at least two European languages besides his English, and could make himself perfectly well understood in several others. The clean, straightforward style of his English is shown in his literary work, most of which was ephemeral.

Coming to town from the country a few days ago, I have heard Millet's name on every lip, even before I could myself speak of him, asking information, and I am sure that no man on the Titanic is more keenly regretted than he. This regret and sense of loss is not at all confined to friends in what we call "the art world," whether we mean it here in New York or in London or Paris. His friends were legion in many spheres, and wherever he was known he was as much esteemed as he was loved. His place cannot really be filled by any one man that we can think of, for he was capable of filling a number of responsible positions at the same time, and filling them all rather better than anybody else could do.

WILLIAM A. COFFIN.

New York, April 22.

COLLEGE SLANG.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your comment, March 28, upon the reported movement in the English department of the University of Kansas for the abolition of slang, moves me to subjoin a few headlines from "the official paper of the University of Kansas," the *University Daily Kansan*, for March 25, 26, and 27:

The Toot Manifesto is Effective To-day. (That is, the new regulation for signal-whistles goes into effect.)

Earth Cut Corner, but Kansas Didn't Hold Tight, and Slipped Up North a Ways. (Referring to the cold weather following the equinox.)

N. G. Sign Hung on Old Superstitions—Storms Give Traditions the Go-by.

Juniors Heed Not Lure of the Prom.—"Shorty" Would Fain Have Them Achieve Their Tickets—Are the Third Year Men Slow Sports?

They Won't Kick Susie and Jennie Aroun' Now.

He Sir Walter Raleighs and Gets Box of Fudge.

What's Wrong with Orthographicals?

Would Not Tax Dad's Check.

Andrew (*sc.* Carnegie) Digs Up Again.

Radcliffe Licks Harvard.

That Baldwin Team Still Eating 'Em Up.

Jayhawker Hopes on the Toboggan.

Test Heart Action of Bubble Wagons.

Chemicals Will Take an Inspection Jaunt.

Not a Sob-squad Incubator.

This last, be it explained, refers to the report that women will not be enrolled by the new Pulitzer School of Journalism.

N.

April 16.

THE INDIANA STATE LIBRARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With reference to your editorial of April 18 regarding a State Library in Indiana, permit me to say that the agitation for such a building has been going on for years, centring largely in this office. The General Assembly of 1911 approved a bill appointing a Centennial Commission, of which the undersigned is secretary, whose duty it is to procure a site and approve plans for a State Educational Building in which shall be placed the State Library, State Museum, and Educational offices. This building will be dedicated as a Centennial Memorial in 1916.

DEMARCHUS C. BROWN,
Librarian.

Indianapolis, April 20.

A VEGETARIAN TO THE RESCUE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You ask what possible explanation can be offered by the devotees of a vegetable diet for the failure of the vegetarian rats to equal the exploits of the meat-eaters. I have no explanation to offer, until I learn the conditions of the experiment. I presume they made the foolish creatures run round in squirrel cages. I cannot think of any other way. If so, the solution is plain. The stupid meat-eater, like other carnivorous creatures, had the brute energy to keep going without sense enough to realize the futility and folly of the performance. The vegetarian may have had quite as much energy as his meat-eating competitor, but he had not addled his little brain with beefsteak, and had sense enough in his little head to leave off when he had got enough exercise to put his muscles in proper trim. There is nothing discouraging to the vegetarian, and the results of the experiment are as little disconcerting as the one that Herbert Spencer records in his autobiography, where he says that he found it necessary to rewrite the flabby paragraphs composed on a fortnight's experiment with vegetable diet. Doubtless the philosopher's stomach was upset with the abrupt change of habit. He should

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have persisted longer before drawing his conclusions. B. R.

Halifax, N. S., April 17.

"WHITE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: To find how long a white man has meant a good man, B. S. M. will have to go back further than Layamon's "Brut." He might take a look at Horace, Sat. I, v, 40-42:

Plotius et Varius Sinuessæ Vergiliusque
Occurunt, animæ quales neque candidiores
Terra tulit neque quis me sit devinctior alter.

Or, for the other side of the case, Sat. I, iv, 85:

Hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto.

J. D. R.

Richmond, Ind., April 20.

Literature

SOCIALISM AND DEMOCRACY.

Essentials of Socialism. By Ira B. Cross, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.

Elements of Socialism. By John Spargo and George Louis Arner, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Pay-Day. By C. Hanford Henderson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

Democratic England. By Percy Alden, M.P. With an Introduction by Charles F. G. Masterman. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Syndicalism and Labor. By Sir Arthur Clay, Bart. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.25.

The New Democracy. By Walter E. Weyl, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.

The Cult of Incompetence. By Emile Faguet, of the Académie Française. Translated by Beatrice Barstow. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.

Socialism and Character. By Vida D. Scudder. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

Dr. Cross has produced in "The Essentials of Socialism" a compact and readable summary of the Socialist theory and teachings which is well adapted to the end for which the author designed it, namely, as a "handbook for the busy reader or as a textbook for the classroom." The matter is arranged in orderly fashion and the bibliographical references at the end of each chapter are a valuable feature of the work. So also is the bibliography at the end of the book, which, although not intended to be complete, yet contains most of the really important works available, at all events in English. In view of the open antagonism between the Roman Catholic Church and Socialism, the author would do well to include in this bibliography the writings of Bishop Stang, Father Ming, S. J., Lorenzo Dardano, Charles S. Devas, and Father Rickaby, S.J.

John Spargo has long been known as one of the more popular Socialist writers, and now in collaboration with Dr. George Louis Arner, late of Dartmouth College, he has published a new textbook of the Socialist case. It is a frankly partisan presentation, made, however, in good orderly fashion, with a convenient summary and a few bibliographical references at the end of each chapter. Presumably, it is intended for use in Socialist circles; it could hardly claim to be a textbook for general or educational use, for it is in essence an argument rather than an investigation. There is nothing new in the matter presented, and the criticism may fairly be passed on the authors that they do not seem to appreciate sufficiently the ravages that time and experience (together with the Revisionists) have wrought in the gospel and prophecies according to Marx and Engels. There is in the presentation of the Socialist case a good deal of what may be called dry scholasticism, especially in the consideration of objections. The bibliographical references do not seem to include the names of anti-Socialist writers.

C. Hanford Henderson's book is a disappointment. The thesis of his earlier chapters is that education and industry should be brought into a new partnership in place of their mutually exclusive attitude of to-day, as a result of which the "formal process of culture" is confined virtually to those who can look forward to economic leisure, while those destined to work are debarred from it. For the "line of functional cleavage between individuals in the same society" Mr. Henderson wishes to substitute a similar line "between the passing years of the same individual." He would have come to every man in his day "a time for formal education, for industry, for pleasure, for research, for wise counsels, for exercise, for loving, for begetting children, for folding the hands in the presence of death." Only in this way can the complete man—or as he quite unnecessarily terms him, the "Beyond-Man"—be fashioned. The idea is attractive. The disappointment comes when we learn the means whereby the Utopian idea is to be realized. Although to the best of the reviewer's recollection neither Marx nor Socialism is mentioned by Mr. Henderson, all the old familiar faces appear before the curtain. Mr. Henderson at the close of his book sums up his argument (in his own italics) by saying that "*Social regeneration can only be brought about through the elimination of profit.*" He may therefore be classed with certainty as a thoroughly orthodox Socialist. For his book it may be said that it ought to be welcome to those Socialists who are weary of the rigid scholasticism of the Socialist fathers and the stereotyped perfervid rhetoric of the modern propagandists. It certainly is written in better style and with more persuasiveness than most of the missionary works in use by the party to-day, but it adds nothing whatever to the sum of knowledge in other respects. And why does not Mr. Henderson make open acknowledgement of his indebtedness to Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels?

As an exhibition of what has been actually attempted in England by way of social reform, Mr. Alden's book is very interesting. It is curious that in a country where theoretical Socialism has never formally taken hold of more than a small part of the community, so many ideas which are part and parcel of the Socialists' demands by way of immediate reforms should have received actual application on a large scale. Mr. Alden does not appear to have been consciously indoctrinated with orthodox Socialism to any appreciable extent, but the chapters on The Child and the State, The Problem of the Unemployed, Housing the Poor, and Municipal Ownership, show the influence of the Socialistic leaven upon modern English thought.

Sir Arthur Clay's account of "Syndicalism" in Europe is readable and, so far as the reviewer has been able to discover, as accurate as is possible considering that the author is bitterly opposed to the movement. His book is designed as an alarm-call to his countrymen. He believes that the Socialists have captured the trade unions in England, and he regards it as "of importance that the community should realize the fact that the control of the formidable voting power of organized labor has now passed from the hands of those who used it to further the legitimate aims of trade unionism into the hands of a party who are using it to destroy the existing economical organization based upon private ownership and individual enterprise, with the object of establishing Collectivism in its place." Read in connection with Mr. Alden's book, this statement seems extreme; it is rather the *ad viaticum* measures of the Socialists that are backed by the trade unions and not their main end, the Coöperative Commonwealth. The fact that Sir Arthur Clay writes as an adherent of the Manchester school warrants one in discounting somewhat the gloom of his views on this point. In Chapter vi there is a shrewd characterization of the "class-conscience" that has grown up in the economically dominant class, on which Benjamin Kidd in England and Friedrich Wilhelm Förster in Germany have laid so much stress. Sir Arthur points out that, conscience being a function of the intellect and not an emotion, popular understanding of social problems has lagged behind in growth as compared with the generous emotions, so that many good people are

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voting for Socialism without knowing just what they are voting for—which is probably true the world over.

"The New Democracy" is a noteworthy contribution to the literature of "social unrest," or, rather, half of the book is. The reader will do well either to take for granted, or to hurry through as fast and forget as soon as possible Mr. Weyl's first ten dithyrambic chapters on "The Evolution of the Plutocracy"; he should begin at page 156 the series of chapters which deal with "the beginnings of a democracy." Mr. Weyl's thesis is, he says, in part borrowed from Simon Patten's theory of an "Economy of Pleasure" as contrasted with the old "Economy of Pain," but he has made it his own by the attractive originality of his treatment. He sees that both the Manchester school and Marxian Socialism—its antithesis—are dead, the one killed by socialization of production and the other by the appearance of a "social surplus" which, for the first time in history, makes democracy possible. But it is a complete democracy which he envisages, one which concerns itself with the economic liberties of humanity without which its political liberties are worthless. "To-day the chief restrictions upon liberty are economic, not legal, and the chief prerogatives desired are economic not political" (p. 164). Now to create this democracy—which is only made possible, not assured, by the existence of a "social surplus"—the people must rise above certain minimum economic, intellectual, and political levels. The minimum economic level is above the "poverty line" and the minimum intellectual level is above the mere "literacy line"; so also the minimum political level is above the mere "suffrage line." These conditions are substantially satisfied in America and Mr. Weyl sees in the present "social unrest" the evolution of his new democracy. His chapter xv, describing the composition and alignment of the multifarious forces coöperating in this evolution, is admirably done; so also is chapter xvi on the tactics of the democracy. Both show the fruits of keen observation and sound common sense.

The three aims of the "New Democracy" are socialization of industry, democratization of government, and civilization of the citizen by "democratization of the advantages and opportunities of life." The first is to be attained through (partial) "government ownership of industry; through government regulation; through tax reform; through a moral realization and reorganization of business in the interest of the industrially weak." Efficiency will determine the question as between government operation and government regulation and he looks for a great increase in the extent of regulation (p. 291), but also has hope from publicity. Through taxation a means will be found for restricting "anti-social" accumulations of wealth and for "socializing" wealth. Democratization of government, the second aim of the democracy, will proceed by increased control of parties, elections, and elected representatives, and by direct legislation by the people, of course including the initiative, referendum, and recall. Mr. Weyl is at some pains to make clear that he favors these measures less because of a belief in the advantages of direct over representative government than because "the fundamental issue in America is in reality . . . between a *misrepresentative* plutocratic government and a democratic government, whether representative, direct, or mixed" (p. 308). The third aim of the democracy, the civilization of the citizen, is to be attained "through conservation of life and health, through a democratization of education, a socialization of consumption, a raising of the lowest elements of the population to the levels of the mass" (p. 321). This includes compulsory insurance of all kinds, rectification or destruction of parasitic trades, and a system of education that will "exalt social obligations above mere competitive egoisms."

The main fault to be found with Mr. Weyl is that he has allowed himself to become too much obsessed by the spectre of a highly organized, class-conscious, malignant plutocracy poisoning the wells of law and government. This spectre has at times beclouded and hampered the operations of what on the whole must be regarded as a keen intellect actuated by a transparently honest desire to find out and state the truth. It is perhaps characteristic of the times that, while his index contains nineteen references under the word "education," neither "ethics" nor "religion" is to be found therein.

Emile Faguet's "Cult of Incompetence" is a mordant and timely criticism of pure democracy which fits with most uncomfortable closeness the tendencies perhaps best represented by Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy to-day. Written mainly, if not entirely, of conditions existing in France, it is nevertheless of universal application. His contention is that pure democracy means incompetent and inefficient government, because it is opposed to nature. Nature does her work by means of highly specialized organs, whereas Democracy (pure) wants to perform as far as possible all functions itself and instinctively shrinks from entrusting such functions to specially trained or specially qualified representatives. It wants to make laws itself, enforce them itself, interpret them itself, although utterly unfitted for the purpose, and, not being able to do this directly, it chooses as its agents those who are most like itself, preventing them from becoming efficient as specialists by exercising over them continuous control of the most jealous kind. "This is why Demos hates a permanent civil service. An irremovable magistrate or functionary is a man whom the Constitution sets free from the grip of the populace" (p. 56). But perhaps the most searching criticism of democracy is to be found in his consideration of law as opposed to the "emergency decree," which latter, he insists, is the inevitable form of legislation in direct democracy. "Law is an aristocratic thing; only the emergency law, the decree, is democratic" (p. 89). And he says:

> The law, therefore, to a certain extent should correct national tendencies, it should be loved a little, because it is felt to be just, feared a little, because it is severe, hated a little because it is to a certain degree out of sympathy with the prevalent temper of the day, and respected because it is felt to be necessary. (P. 69.)

How, he asks, can such laws be expected from a democracy making fresh decrees every day? Chapter v on this point is one of the strongest and most convincing in the book.

His thesis is mainly negative, but his positive beliefs may be gleaned from his closing chapter, where there are the following remarks:

> It is clear that the passion for sovereignty, for equality, for incompetence, is not sufficient to give to a government a life which is at once complete and strong. It is necessary to give competence its part—or, rather, it is necessary to give competence one part, for I do not wish to argue that there is any question of right involved; *I only affirm that it is a social necessity.* It is necessary that competence, technical, intellectual, moral competence, should be assigned its part to play, even though the sovereignty of the people should be limited and the principle of equality should be somewhat abridged thereby. A democratic element is essentially necessary to a people, an aristocratic element is also necessary to a people. (Pp. 227-8.)

It is not necessary to follow M. Faguet in his conclusions at all times, for his satire has frequently led him to over-statement for the sake of an epigram, but the biting truth of most of his pages cannot be denied, and they are so full of brilliant characterizations as to make the temptation to quote almost irresistible. Vigorous repudiation of the postulate of *equality* (in all things), which postulate he regards as the foundation of democracy, is apparently the keynote of his work. Whatever else be skipped in reading the book, page 190 to the end of chaper xi should by no means be slighted, but it will not be found easy to skip anything.

In "Socialism and Character" Miss Vida D. Scudder has attempted what, in her preface, she terms a "reconciliation" of the "categories" of "conservative Christian and revolutionary Socialist" thought. In such reconciliation she sees "the only hope for democracy." Writing as a convinced Socialist, view-

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ing mankind inevitably and irresistibly marching to the Coöperative Commonwealth, she sees in this Commonwealth the potentiality of something like the kingdom of God upon earth. It looms out from her pages as a city built indeed upon the earth, but with its ramparts and minarets reaching into the heavens suffused with the unearthly light of a new and reborn "Christianity." She draws her picture in apocalyptic fashion and with evident sincerity.

The book has much in it to stimulate thought and evoke emotion, yet the reader lays it down with the feeling that it misses its mark, and that neither thoroughgoing Socialist nor thoroughgoing Christian will accept the eirenicon that Miss Scudder offers.

Let us take the case of the Socialist. The Socialism that she offers is in a sense that of the "scientific school," but she has so softened its harsh features and illumined them with the roseate light of the most idealistic Utopians that much of the likeness has gone. In a sense, the teachings are those of Marx and Engel, but the voice is that of Mazzini or Ruskin. And in the effort to idealize the crude materialism of the early Socialistic patrology and infuse new life into the latter-day Socialist scholastics, she has gravely imperilled the dogmatic system of the scientific faith at important points. In several passages she pins her faith in the ultimate triumph of Socialism to ideas which not merely form no part of the Marxian deposit of faith, but are opposed to its entire spirit. To choose but one instance: "The truth is that we are forced to agree with our tedious friends who insist that we must alter human nature if Socialism is to be a success" (p. 188). Compare this with the concluding sentence in Spargo and Arner's work noticed above: "So far from admitting that Socialism depends upon change in human nature, the Socialist contends that Socialism must come unless the fundamental passions which we call human nature are changed" ("Elements of Socialism," p. 368). The latter view is the "orthodox" one beyond question. It would be easy to multiply examples of similar divergences, and the anti-Socialist reader will find many passages in Miss Scudder's book that will help to fortify his convictions.

As for the "conservative Christian" reader, his view of the argument will depend very much upon the kind of "Christianity" that he holds. Throughout her book, and especially in the chapter on Socialism and Christianity (despite a certain irritating vagueness of phraseology), Miss Scudder makes it clear that her appeal is to a "Christianity" which has forgotten original sin, teaches that faith is little and works are much, and bids us look on its Founder as the greatest moral teacher the world has known—and no more. In this system Francis of Assisi is more than Augustine, and much more than Thomas of Aquin, if indeed there be room for Thomas at all. Doubtless there are many such "Christians," but the quarrel between Socialism and Christianity is not of their making. It is with that body of Christian thought the oldest and still the most numerous of all existing Christian bodies whose opposition to Socialism has been and still is continuous, ubiquitous, and uncompromising that a treaty must be struck if there is to be peace, and the terms that Miss Scudder proposes will not be acceptable to that body. How deeply she has misapprehended its position is apparent from many passages in her book. It is hardly too much to say that it is to the "Modernists" she looks for the soul of the Catholic Church. Now, whatever may be the rights and wrongs of the case, it is a clear fact that "Modernist" and "Catholic" are mutually exclusive terms, nor is the Catholic Church likely to accept William James on the Trinity (p. 351) any more readily than Miss Scudder's own view of the Atonement (p. 365). It is not necessary to insist upon these matters at length; the point is that the Catholic Church as it exists to-day will assuredly be no party to Miss Scudder's peace proposals. This may or may not be important from the Socialistic point of view, but it is important that there should be no confusion of thought upon the matter—and in Miss Scudder's book there *is* confusion.

CURRENT FICTION.

Julia France and Her Times. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Mrs. Atherton is never without something to say, but her voice grows a trifle strident as time passes. Julia France is the modern woman, and her times are the present—or, it may be, a few years in the future; for it is given us to understand that under Julia's leadership, the cause of suffrage is virtually won in England. Born and brought up in St. Kitts, she is married at eighteen to a dissolute British naval officer. Her mother is a dabbler in the occult, has cast her daughter's horoscope, and firmly believes that she is destined to be a great lady in England. The naval officer arrives at the predicted time, and as he is the heir-presumptive of a ducal title, the mother, though warned of his character, gives her daughter to him without hesitation. Young Julia, thanks to her innocence, merely dislikes instead of loathing him, and sets forth cheerfully enough for England, on her way to being a duchess. There she presently discovers the wickedness of the world in general and her husband in particular. When she finally makes her escape from him (not legally), it is to ally herself with the suffrage movement, and eventually to become its leader.

But with all her ardor of service for the new womanhood, she remains at heart in the bondage of her sex. In the end an American, a hustling Californian, is too much for her with his masculine claims, and, after due struggle, she abandons her great work to become a mere partner in his. Mrs. Atherton apparently thinks this a sad come-down, a typical instance of that instability which blocks the path of woman. "It is," she says, "a far cry from the primigenious female, or even the Sabines, to the women that compose the advance guard of their sex to-day." But there is still a great deal of inherited weakness for them to contend with, however strongly they may wish for independence, and however firmly that wish may be intrenched in reason. The book, nevertheless, is not unhopeful: already there are a goodly number of "women that are approaching closer and closer to that exact balance of masculine and feminine attributes which, when attained, will give them the one perfect happiness, setting them free, as it must, from the present curse of the race, the longing for completion." Julia France is not a willing victim. She succumbs to love as "a splendid disease induced by Nature to further her one end; accompanied by moments of humiliation called happiness, but which in the last analysis are but the prelude to a lifetime of every variety of sorrow and disillusion." She looks back with chagrin to her loss of comradeship with the women of a stronger type, "the women that steered safely clear of the smiling island with a thousand jagged teeth beneath the rippling waters, and elected to stand alone, were free to accept the other great gifts of life, to attain to a form of serenity and content beside which love and its delusions were the earthly hell."

This is all very interesting no doubt, but the fact remains that the one thing which makes Julia France worth while, from our gross point of view as novel-readers, is that she does give in, that we know from the outset she is going to give in, to the baleful dictates of nature. The superwoman is not yet an accredited heroine.

The Garden of Indra. By Michael White. New York: Duffield & Co.

To say that these stories could not be what they are if Kipling had never written the "Plain Tales from the Hills" is to range them with nearly all recent fiction dealing with India. As they were written for the American "Associated Sunday Magazines," it is safe to guess that their source, or model, may not have been suspected by the audience

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at which they were aimed. And it is chiefly on the surface that the resemblance exists. Words like yogi, memsahib, rani, and chuprassy (it seems almost irreverent in Mr. White to spell it with a *y*) sprinkle the pages; and the style has that air of brisk omniscience which attached the undergraduate to the Kipling of twenty years ago. There is strong similarity in the treatment of the native character. One tale, "His Caste," might really almost have been written by Kipling himself. But there is a striking and rather amusing difference between master and pupil. Kipling's stories are told from the point of view of the Anglo-Indian, and his heroes are the gentry of the British Imperial service, civil or military. The hero of these tales, on the other hand—or of a large proportion of them—is the American tourist or business man. Now he is a physician from San Francisco—now a motor-car agent from New York, now a civil engineer. His occupation does not matter; he is young, conquering, the undying hero of romance—and an American into the bargain. His adventures are chronicled not without skill, but they are, as a whole, adventures of a trumped-up sort, mere ingenious inventions on the part of the author. The complaisance with which happy-ever-after matches are arranged between young America and the native princess or heiress would make Kipling turn in his grave, if fortune had as yet given him one.

It, and Other Stories. By Gouverneur Morris. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Morris pursues so even a path in the production of short stories that he leaves the critic little to say when a new volume appears. The title story of the collection now published seems to one reader at least by no means in the author's best vein. The grewsomeness of the adventure somehow fails to impress. In such tales as that of the consumptive poet and the rich girl, or of the young couple who take their honeymoon on a vessel carrying wild animals and are wrecked on a small desert island with their variegated cargo, Mr. Morris is in his true vein. He can tweak the nose of the goddess Probability and come off with high-handed victory. He can do something more difficult artistically than that: he can write slang like a gentleman.

Naomi of the Island. By Lucy Thurston Abbott. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Here is a variation on the old story of the foundling and her locket. It was a good story in the beginning and its possibilities are not even now to be scoffed at. Moreover, the author in this case has been somewhat ingenious in her variations. The difficulty is, she was not able, apparently, to resist the temptation to load upon her tale all the odds and ends of local color collected from a visit to, say, Nantucket, and another to Porto Rico; while, to make matters worse, she has piled on also the impedimenta of a private fancy for dabbling in fascinating Oriental cults.

The foundling begins in tragic circumstances by being a very appealing and attractive little girl; she keeps on being attractive as a household drudge, as a laundry worker, as a rich young woman's governess, as a rich old woman's companion. She is not wholly bad (though the author is a little ill at ease with her there), as a beautiful lady receiving the devotion of a handsome gentleman and being rescued by him from a watery grave. But why should she be made to preach a funeral sermon?

A Man and his Money. By Frederic S. Isham. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Written in patent emulation of the "best sellers," Mr. Isham's latest novel reveals the skill of a practiced hand. The reader's curiosity is aroused by the opening episode on Fourteenth Street, New York. He is kept in suspense until the final scene in a Moscow café. He is thrilled by a succession of breathless pursuits, hair-breadth escapes, fierce midnight encounters, and the other familiar devices for stimulating the appetite of a jaded public. Of course, it is entirely unnecessary to add that the book contains not a single character. The hero is a bankrupt young millionaire, devoted and submissive. The heroine is a sylph-like heiress, cold and scornful. The villain is Boris Strogaroff, for the part nowadays almost has to be a Russian prince with a powerful steam yacht. The villain's assistant must, every one knows, be named Sonia.

PLURALISM AND THEISM.

The Realm of Ends, or Pluralism and Theism. By James Ward. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.25 net.

In his former series of Gifford Lectures, which make up the much discussed and twice reprinted volumes entitled "Naturalism and Agnosticism" (1899), Professor Ward addressed himself chiefly to the relatively easy task of exhibiting the incoherencies or the inconclusiveness of the two philosophies from which the book took its name. In the present series he assumes the more arduous responsibilities of the system-maker. In his case those responsibilities are further complicated by the special difficulties which confront the maker of philosophical compromises, the mediator between extreme views. For the nature of his undertaking is indicated rather by the subsidiary than by the principal title of the book. He has essayed a reconciliation and synthesis of a fairly radical and new-fashioned "pluralism" with a rather conservative and old-fashioned theism. In broad outline, the volume consists of an exposition and defence of pluralistic idealism; of a presentation of reasons why mere pluralism should be regarded as unsatisfactory, and theism be added thereto; and of an examination, on the one hand, into the "modifications" which such theism must demand of pluralism, and, on the other hand, into the degree in which the retention of a measure of pluralism must clip the wings of theism.

Few words ending in *-ism*, unfortunately, are of unequivocal meaning. Certainly neither "theism" nor "pluralism" is such a word. The latter, even if qualified by "idealistic," has (among others) two senses which are worth distinguishing, if only for the sake of making it clear that Professor Ward sets out to be a pluralist in both of those senses. He adheres, first of all, to the kind of pluralism that is peculiarly associated with the name of Leibniz, the kind that has recently been represented among us by the late Thomas Davidson (whose cosmic republic could "in its Constitution acknowledge no God"), by Professor Howison (who is at least no theist in Ward's sense), and by F. C. S. Schiller, whose newly reprinted "Riddles of the Sphinx" presents a combination of pluralism with theism partially analogous to Ward's. In other words, Professor Ward rejects both the premises and the conclusions of "absolute" or monistic idealism, for which he proposes the more expressive name of "singularism." There exist, he maintains, many distinct and independent selves which are contained in no single unity of experience, a multiplicity of free spirits, each unique, each possessing some unsharable inner life of its own external to the being of any other self, even though that other be called the Absolute. But the pluralism of "The Realm of Ends" does not stop with the setting up of a monadology; it goes on to the outlining of "a pluralistic universe" in something approaching William James's sense of that phrase. Two essential traits of such a universe are that it is irreducibly temporal, that in it, as James put it, "time is as real as anything, and nothing is great or static or eternal enough not to have some history"; and that the temporal process which characterizes it is a process of true becoming, in which "spontaneous" new beginnings occur, and thus a genuine, unpredictable creation of fresh reality takes place. In the earlier part of his book Professor Ward explicitly enough adopts this kind of pluralism as well as the other. The world is for him essentially an "historical" world; and its history is that of a truly "creative" evolution. In words

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which recall Bergson he writes: "Evolution for the pluralist is always synthesis, and all real synthesis is creative synthesis." Even "natural laws" themselves are contingent products of evolution; they relate to that portion of the primal cosmic spontaneity which has (like Bergson's "matter") grown tame and domesticated, and settled down into regular habits.

Now, at just this time, there could scarcely be a graver or more opportune theme for the philosopher's consideration than the question whether, or in what sense, these two sorts of pluralism are reconcilable with a belief in God. The "singularism" of most of the absolute idealists—of Green, of the Cairds, of Royce—has been a theistic philosophy, at least by profession. Though it has been only through a cloudy and misleading use of language that that metaphysical doctrine has been made to seem consoling and edifying and inspiring, it has none the less, as a matter of fact, given philosophical form to the theistic beliefs of many thoughtful and religiously-minded persons. But singularism shows conspicuous signs of decline. Pluralism, in more senses than two, promises to be the dominant tendency in the reflective thought of the immediate future. But both of the kinds of pluralism mentioned have seemed to some of their most conspicuous representatives inconsistent with the sort of theism which has provided the framework of the usual religious conception of the universe. For example, Professor Howison's "multipersonal idealism," while, unlike Davidson's "religion of democracy," it finds room for a God (of a sort), finds no room for a Creator; if finite selves derived their being from another, their freedom, it declares, would become inconceivable—and their sin and suffering would be imputable only to the God that made them and enmeshed them with predestined evil round. James, again, finds in his pluralistic universe, "the strongest reasons for admitting the possibility," and even the probability, of "a superhuman co-consciousness." But this consciousness, "however vast it be, has itself an external environment, and consequently is finite." It is not complete, but is a being still struggling to fulfil its will; greater than we, it is not omnipotent. And, "though *primus inter pares*, in the midst of all the shapers of the great world's fate," even God cannot "absolutely guarantee the world's salvation." Bergson's *élan vital* seems still more remote from both the God of religious tradition and the Absolute of idealistic theology.

With only so much of a theism Professor Ward is not content; to so drastic an "either-or" he cannot reconcile himself. His God still keeps most of what James used to call "the monistic perfections." Thus, though temporal and progressive, "God's life is always perfect. Unchangeableness can be attributed to God as it can to none else beside." Again, God is *not* merely *primus inter pares;* the relation of God to other spirits "is not comparable to the interaction of one finite subject with another." He is transcendent, and yet, in some mystical and ineffable manner, immanent. And though finite selves are free, they owe their being and (presumably) their fundamental natures to a continuous divine act of creation.

To analyze and criticise Professor Ward's manner of achieving this ambitious synthesis is impossible within the limits of a review. That, in intellectual seriousness and philosophical and scientific learning, he rises to the height of the great argument, his readers cannot doubt. That he brings to it also entire logical intrepidity and a keen sense of consistency is not so clear. To many it must seem that his theism recants a great part of all that his pluralism affirmed—or *vice versa*. Certainly, he often appears oblivious of the presuppositions of his pluralism, in his theistic arguments. For the second sort of pluralism implies the abandonment of "the principle of sufficient reason" as a philosophical axiom. It involves the admission of a non-rational (though not necessarily irrational) element in reality, the possibility of disconnected "brute facts" which have no reason of conceptual necessity behind them. But for one who has apparently accepted this "radical empiricism," with its recognition of an indeterminate amount of contingency and logical discontinuity in things, Professor Ward in his later chapters makes an extraordinarily free use of the "principle of continuity," and of a form of the old cosmological argument *a contingentia mundi*, as premises of his reasoning.

The Connexion between Ancient and Modern Romance. By W. J. Courthope. (From the Proceedings of the British Academy, Vol. V.) New York: Henry Frowde.

The present Warton Lecture corrects the views of Thomas Warton regarding mediæval romance. This was not always purely fictitious, as Warton believed, but was in origin professedly historical, dealing, in some *langue romane*, with the matter of France, of Britain, or of Rome the Great. Thus it was not imported into Europe by the Arabians; nor was it free of influence from Greek and Roman literature. On the contrary, the change from its earlier historic and ethnic interests to its later interest in the fictitious love-adventures of individuals was due not only to the Celtic revolt from "the despotism of fact," but also, and largely, to the example of Greek fiction. Such, in outline, is the connection between ancient and mediæval romance.

Though these views are not wholly novel, it would be interesting to know whether Mr. Courthope has found any direct external evidence of the influence of Greek romance upon mediæval. There is enough indirect evidence, certainly, to raise such a presumption. The crusaders were in contact with Byzantine civilization, which had preserved the earlier Greek romances and was producing new ones as late as the twelfth century. The change from quasi-historical to fictitious and amatory plots was consummated by Chrétien de Troyes while in known contact with a crusading society. Specific internal evidence is furnished by similarity in themes—the theme, for example, found in "Cligés," and derived by Mr. Courthope from Xenophon of Ephesus, of the heroine who, by simulating death, escapes an odious marriage. But specific transmissions like this are doubtful. This theme may perfectly well have reached "Cligés," not by way of Xenophon's "Ephesiaca," but by way of popular story, which often did come from the Arabs, and another mark of whose popular origin is that it issued in ballads and fabliaux. In fact, the theme in question occurs in the "Arabian Nights" (Story of Ganem Ben Ayoub), in the ballad of "The Gay Goshawk" (Child, No. 96), and in Sermini's *novella* about the bourgeois, "Vannino e la Montanina." Despite, however, the uncertainty of any one case, or of any number of single cases, the bulk of such evidence of Greek influence—extending even to Saints' Legends, *e. g.*, that of St. Ursula—is so large that we may well retain the positive presumption while waiting for further research. Some knowledge of the distribution of the MSS. of Greek romances during the Middle Ages, some acknowledgment by mediæval writers of indebtedness to Greek fiction—of this kind are the *desiderata*.

Mr. Courthope's connection of ancient and mediæval romance with the romance of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is less sure of hand. He omits all mention of Boccaccio, the prime transmitter of romance material from the Middle Ages to the Renaissance. This function Boccaccio performed both in his romance "Filocolo," which relates anew the tale of Flore and Blanchefleur, and, in *novella* form, in numerous tales of the "Decameron." To English fiction of the Renaissance, more particularly, Boccaccio thus made very generous contributions from his own store of Greek and mediæval romance. Again, Mr. Courthope is definitely in error in asserting (pp. 3, 13) that the Greek novels and Sidney's "Arcadia" are little or not at all dependent upon supernatural machinery. Indeed, the elaborate structure of these romances, and of

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much related literature (*e. g.*, the "Pastor Fido"), is essentially due to the employment of the epic-tragic legacy of oracles and dreams. These invert and complicate the plot, give it irony, suspense, and amplitude, and serve as an organic frame for its reverses and recognitions. Moreover, these same organic complications, originally involved in the use of "machinery," survive in modern story, still often built upon the epic convention *in medias res*.

Excellent once more are Mr. Courthope's remarks on modern fiction. He sees very truly that our realism is the reverse of a shield that is blazoned with the "cloudy symbols of a high romance." The filiation of the "realist" Richardson runs, not to the *picaro*, but to Sir Philip Sidney; and Mr. Courthope does not hesitate to speak of Richardson's romanticism (p. 14). The "romantic" Scott, on the other hand, presents a quasi-historical or ethnic background, involves in it the fictitious and personal love-affairs of a chivalrous hero, and, by way of humbler personages and incidents, adds the tang of realism. So that he is well said to have united "the principle of the *roman* with that of the *fabliau*."

The Eve of Catholic Emancipation. By the Right Rev. Monsignor Bernard Ward. In three volumes. Vols. I-II. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $6 net.

Son of that friend of Newman famous in the Oxford Movement as "Ideal" Ward, brother of Wilfrid Ward, and brother-in-law of the brilliant authoress of "Out of Due Time," Canon Ward belongs to a notable Catholic family in England. He is one of those intellectual English Catholics, who, believing with Fogazzaro that "la modernità è buona ma l'eterno è migliore," just avoid condemnation as Modernists. His volumes bear the *Imprimatur*. He wastes no words in vain declamation against the iniquitous oppression of Protestants in the past; for he is a modest, temperate, and well-trained historical scholar, proud of his membership in the Royal Historical Society. Though busy as president of St. Edmund's College, he is finding time to write a history of English Catholics since 1781. His earlier work, "The Dawn of the Catholic Revival in England," told the story up to 1803. The two volumes before us, when completed by a third to be published shortly, will continue the story down to the Emancipation Act of 1829. His material is drawn largely from manuscripts in the Catholic Westminster Archives.

Catholic Emancipation, as the author correctly insists, was primarily an Irish, not an English, question. In Ireland it affected some five million persons, in England not more than two hundred thousand. But in spite of this fact, the chief steps to obtain it during the years covered by these two volumes (1803-20) were taken by Englishmen, partly because the English Catholics were on the spot and partly because they included men of Parliamentary influence. The English Catholics were willing to allow the king a "veto" on the appointment of Catholic bishops—and there were many good precedents for such a negative control by the state over the church. But the Irish, who had more reason for fearing and hating Protestant control, vehemently objected to giving the King any such chance of interfering with the Catholic hierarchy. They agitated for "unconditional emancipation," and their policy was the one which triumphed in the end. When the English Catholics had failed year after year to get through both houses of Parliament an act of "emancipation with securities," it was left for the growing force of Daniel O'Connell and Irish agitation to obtain the unconditional act of 1829.

The greater part of these volumes, however, and the most valuable part, is not devoted to this often-told story, but to the less known activities of the English Catholics in their general work—their organization, colleges, Bible society, writings, and the dissensions within the Catholic fold. These dissensions, as the author frankly admits, were frequent and due in part to the domineering character and harsh language of Dr. Milner. This prelate, who began his career as Apostolic Vicar of the Midland Division, tried to supplant Dr. Poynter in the succession to the Southern Division, which had its headquarters in London. When this intrigue failed, he got himself appointed agent in England of the bishops in Ireland, and as such found excuse for spending much of his time in London, where he came into frequent conflict with Dr. Poynter.

When Dr. Poynter and others in England founded a Catholic Bible Society and proposed to adopt the Protestant practice of distributing to the laity inexpensive Bibles in the vernacular (based, of course, on the Vulgate and provided with a proper preface and notes to guard the ignorant from error), Milner strenuously opposed the "Bibliomaniacs." Fortunately for his side of the case, the Pope just at this time condemned a somewhat similar Bible Society in Poland as "a most crafty device, by which the very foundations of religion are undermined." The Papal pronouncement led Dr. Poynter to change the name and modify the plans of the English Society, but not to cease altogether in the distribution of inexpensive Bibles. It is an important chapter in an age-long controversy.

Not least interesting are the pages dealing with the faithful Catholics who fled to England during the French Revolution. After the Concordat had been established in France, the Pope called upon all these former priests and bishops to resign the offices which they had once held in France. Fourteen of the bishops and many of the lower clergy in England refused to do so. They were supported by the active pen of Abbé Blanchard. Thus arose the new and troublesome schism of Blanchardism. Dr. Milner fulminated against the schismatics. One of their sympathizers tried to frighten him into silence by pretending to have authority from the Pope to summon him to Rome; but Dr. Milner neatly called his bluff by threatening him in turn with the penalties of *Præmunire*, for asserting in England a summons from a foreign potentate; the Blanchardite sympathizer promptly took to his heels and disappeared from the kingdom.

In the closing chapters on the literary activities of the English Catholics Mr. Ward has some interesting things to say about the author of the great Catholic history of England, Dr. Lingard. Lingard told a friend that he hoped to write a history which should be read by Protestants, for the more his work was read the less would that of Hume be in vogue. Dr. Milner harshly criticised Lingard's impartial and unimpassioned style, declaring that Lingard had failed to "display the beauty of holiness irradiating the doctrine and the heroes of Catholicity," and in so far had betrayed a golden opportunity for enforcing the Roman Catholic aspect of English history. The judgment of time has justified Lingard's, not Milner's, conception of history.

Explorations in the Island of Mochlos. By Richard B. Seager. Boston: American School of Classical Studies at Athens. $6.

Excavations in Crete have given the world many surprises. For archæologists who were accustomed to regard the civilization of classical Greece as the only period of true culture in Hellenic lands, it was an unexpected revelation to find that long before that time Crete was inhabited by a people of a highly artistic nature, surrounded by comforts and even luxuries, possessing a written language, and in active communication with the outside world. Gradually we have become accustomed to the fact that the Cretans had reached a high level of civilization as far back even as the end of the third millennium B. C. But before that time, *i. e.*, in the so-called Early Minoan period, we have hitherto supposed the Cretans to have been in an elementary stage. This supposition was chiefly based on the fact that the pottery of the period was simple in character, being chiefly decorated with painted geometric designs such as we are accustomed to find with most primitive people.

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The excavations at Mochlos, a small island off the coast of Eastern Crete, conducted by Mr. Seager in the spring and summer of 1908, shed new light on this question and make us revise our theories. A cemetery belonging chiefly to the Early Minoan period on that site yielded objects which were astonishingly advanced both in technique and artistic feeling. Foremost among these is a rich harvest of stone vases carved with wonderful accuracy out of hard materials, such as veined marble, breccia, steatite, and limestone. "At first glance," Mr. Seager writes, "one would suppose that these vases were the work of a skilled lapidary, but on examination it appears that they were not turned on a wheel, but were roughly shaped into the required form and then ground down by hand. How such a task was accomplished is, in these days of machinery, difficult to conceive, as each vase must represent weeks of patient labor." A curious feature about the vases is that they come to light as finished products, without apparently any previous stage of development, such as we should expect in so difficult a process. This circumstance the author explains by the theory that Minoan sailors had communications with Egypt, where they saw similar stone vases, and brought the technique into their own country. But that the Cretan vases are not merely imported from Egypt, but actually made in Crete, is shown by their shapes, the majority of which are essentially non-Egyptian. When compared with their Egyptian models they are perhaps not as accurately cut, but are more beautiful in shape and coloring.

Besides the stone vases, nearly one hundred and fifty gold ornaments were found, some of extremely delicate workmanship, which again show a surprising state of prosperity at this early period. The love of naturalism, which was to become such a dominant feature in Late Minoan art, already made its appearance, for there are hairpins in the shape of daisies and crocuses.

The Early Minoan pottery which was brought to light in this cemetery is of the primitive kind already familiar at other sites, so that we must deduce that, while the stone-cutter and goldsmith had made great advance in their arts, the pottery had not. In addition to Early Minoan material, the cemetery at Mochlos yielded some fine examples of Middle Minoan and Late Minoan I pottery. But foremost among these later finds must be mentioned a gold signet ring from a Late Minoan I burial, perhaps the most important object turned up by Mr. Seager's excavations. Its significance is due to the scene engraved on the bezel, which appears to represent the advent of the Mother Goddess to the land of Crete. This ring has gained further notoriety through its mysterious disappearance from the Candia Museum, where it had been placed with the other Mochlos finds. It has not yet been traced, and it is fortunate that a careful drawing of it had been made previous to its loss.

The book is an excellent record of these excavations, for not only are the finds carefully described and illustrated, partly in good color plates, but the conditions in which they were discovered are conscientiously set forth in every case. In fact, as we read between the lines which describe these ancient tombs, often washed away by rains or disturbed by pillagers in later ages, we realize that the work of excavation is one requiring extensive knowledge and infinite patience, one that can safely be entrusted only to carefully trained and experienced workers. We may congratulate ourselves that Mr. Seager is an excavator of that type and that therefore the excavation at Mochlos has been conducted and the material from it published in a manner to yield most to scientific research. There is one adverse comment to make on the arrangement of the illustrations. Though the objects from each tomb are all described together, they are depicted often on different plates according to their periods and materials. This arrangement necessitates a continuous turning of pages which becomes distinctly burdensome. Moreover, owing to the entire absence of descriptive titles accompanying the illustrations, it is impossible to get a clear idea of the material found without in each case consulting the text, which is sometimes 20 or 30 pages away from the picture.

Notes

Thomas Medwin's "Life of Shelley," originally published in 1847, will be issued by Frowde in a new and revised edition. Buxton Forman, who has been at great pains to decipher and arrange Medwin's manuscript alterations and corrections, has long been engaged upon the work.

Among the books promised for this month by Sturgis & Walton Co. are "My Memoirs," by Madame Steinheil, and "The Genetic Philosophy of Education," by G. E. Partridge, with an introduction by G. Stanley Hall.

Moffat, Yard & Co. announce a new series for children entitled When Mother Lets Us Travel, the first volume of which —"When Mother Lets Us Travel in Italy," by Mrs. Charlotte M. Martin—will be out this spring.

The Century Company has in press "The Citadel," a new novel by Samuel Merwin.

Books which will be issued shortly by Putnam include: "Pitching in a Pinch, and Other Stories of the Big League," by Christy Mathewson; "The Devil's Wind," by Patricia Wentworth; "My Friendship with Prince Hohenlohe," by Baroness von Hedemann; "Personal Recollections of the War of the Rebellion: Addresses Delivered before the Commandery of the State of New York, Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States," edited by A. Noel Blakeman, Vol. IV; "Edward Fitzgerald Beale: A Pioneer in the Path of Empire, 1822—1903," by Stephen Bonsal; "The Historic Jesus," by Charles Stanley Lester, and "The Promise of the Christ Age in Recent Literature," by William Eugene Mosher.

The same house, as representatives of the Cambridge University Press, announces: "The Ballad in Literature," by T. F. Henderson; "Cæsar in Britain and Belgium," simplified text, with introduction, notes, exercises, and vocabulary, by J. H. Sleeman; "A First-Year Latin Book," by John Thompson, and "A Revised English Grammar," being a new edition of "The Elements of English Grammar," by Alfred S. West.

Recent and forthcoming books in the list of Fleming H. Revell Co. include: "American-Japanese Relations," by Kiyoshi K. Kawakami; "The Chinese at Home," by J. Dyer Ball; "The Battle of Principles," by Newell Dwight Hillis; "Towards a Perfect Man," by Henry W. Clark; "The Call of the Christ," by Herbert L. Willett; "The Cross: The Report of a Misgiving," by G. A. Johnston Ross; "How the Cross Saves," by Robert F. Horton; "The Owl's Nest: A Vacation among 'Isms,'" by Anne Gilbert; "In Bethany House," by Mary Elizabeth Smith; "Jonah of Gath-Hepher," by Rev. Edward A. Marshall; "Sunrise: Behold He Cometh," by G. Campbell Morgan; "The Land of Your Sojournings," by Rev. Wilfred S. Hackett; "Twice-Born Men," by Harold Begbie; "The Personal Touch," by J. Wilbur Chapman; "The Church and Her Children," by Henry W. Hulbert; "Spiritual Culture and Social Service," by Charles S. MacFarland; "The Law of the Tithe," by Arthur V. Babbs; "Christian and Mohammedan," by George F. Herrick; "Character Building in China," by Robert McCheyne Mateer, and "A Glimpse of the Heart of China," by Edward C. Perkins.

Dodd, Mead & Co. bring out this week George Barr McCutcheon's novel, "Her Weight in Gold," and "Midnight at Mears House," a detective story by Harrison Jewell Holt.

A. A. Jack's "Poetry and Prose," which came to us from London, and was reviewed at considerable length, November 16, 1911, is now regularly issued in this country under the imprint of E. P. Dutton & Co.

In the introduction of a new edition of David Pryde's "What Books to Read and How to Read" (Funk & Wagnalls), Francis W. Halsey gives interesting figures concerning the annual output of books in several countries. About ten years ago the number of books published annually in the United States reached 5,000, in Great Britain 7,000; the estimate for the present year will probably be close to 10,000 for each country. Of this 20,000, an allowance of 5,000 may be made for books counted twice, that is, those which are issued both here and in England. Ten years ago, in Italy, the total was 9,500; in France, 13,000; in Germany, 23,000, and the grand

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total for the whole world at that time was estimated by *Le Droit d'Auteur* to be 70,500. The magnitude of the increase can be known from the fact that Germany's present annual output has been placed at 30,000. The contrast between the present and the century or two subsequent to the invention of printing, as to the number of books in existence, is, of course, tremendous:

> In 1650, at one of the book fairs which it was then the custom to hold every twenty-five years in Germany, the books shown numbered only 950, and no marked increase occurred thereafter for seventy-five or a hundred years. In 1725 the total shown at the fair was only 1,032, and in 1750 only 1,290. With the opening of the next century came the great increase, the number shown in 1800 being 4,012, while fifty years later (1846) its number was 10,536. In the United States for a period of 136 years (1640-1776) the total output, including almanacs, sermons, and law books, was only 8,000. . . . In 1900 "The American Catalog" was able to record, as then in print in the United States, 170,000 books.

There must be much of omission or compression, or both, in a small book of recollections of eighty active years. Both of these qualities mark the "Reminiscences" of James Burrill Angell (Longmans); moreover, the 258 pages are oddly proportioned, little more than one-seventh of them being devoted to President Angell's thirty-eight years as head of the University of Michigan. More strangely still, the section given over to this period of his career is the most colorless part of the volume, consisting merely of a series of characterizations of "the more prominent of the professors who are no longer living," and of a rapid survey of the history of the University. The best portion of the book is its first two chapters, in which Dr. Angell gives some account of life in New England two generations ago, and a narrative of a journey through the South just ten years before the war. The writer is naturally interested in changes in educational methods, and the description of his early school days, in which he studied English by parsing Pope's "Essay on Man" and "that dolorous book," Pollock's "Course of Time," is both entertaining and informing. It seems almost incredible that there should be living a man who went to Brown University when the faculty numbered seven. The chapter on the Southern Journey is a vivid picture of what Angell and a companion encountered on a horseback, train, coach, and steamer tour. They arrived at Columbia in time to attend commencement at the University of South Carolina in the autumn of 1850. The president's address to the students "was solely an appeal to them to abide by the State in the dissolution of the Union which he regarded as inevitable." The accounts of President Angell's diplomatic missions to China and Turkey contain pictures of Li Hung-Chang and Abdul Hamid. Elsewhere there are glimpses of Robert Browning, Matthew Arnold, Grover Cleveland, and others. In these pages especially, but throughout the book in only less degree, there is a naïveté that is unusual in one who has so long been a public figure.

William H. Rideing, who publishes his reminiscences as "Many Celebrities and a Few Others" (Doubleday, Page), passed his boyhood in Liverpool, where "those staggering voyages to Boston and New York" brought the Civil War so near, it "might have been at our doors and the Mersey running red with the carnage." His literary ambitions, when "all light literature had a Dickens flavor," brought him to New York in the early seventies and apprenticed him, at the age of seventeen, to Samuel Bowles of the Springfield *Republican*. Later he served on the New York *Tribune* during the exposure and defeat of the Tweed Ring and the Liberal Republican nomination of Horace Greeley for the Presidency. The story of his early years and his memories of Bohemian life in New York, which mingle living names with names now half forgotten, gain color and interest from the personal point of view. But when the author becomes an editor of the *Youth's Companion* and the *North American Review*, he discreetly retires, and the rest of the book contains unrelated chapters on celebrated writers, actors, statesmen, and men of affairs with whom the editor has had professional and social relations.

Mr. Rideing shows considerable power of characterization, and many of his portraits —Aldrich, Stedman, Hardy, Harold Frederic, John Watson, Archibald Forbes, Lady St. Helier, Sir Henry Lucy, H. G. Wells, R. D. Blackmore, Gladstone—are drawn with a happy and pregnant pen. The anecdotes vary in merit; some are told with verve, others come more lamely off. John Watson, we are told, "milked the cow of human kindness until it tottered." A visit to Moor Park calls forth half a page of Macaulay's account of Swift and Stella. "If you had remained in England," Aldrich tells our author, "you would never have learned to write such good English." And thus certain grave questions of usage—the split infinitive, "I would like," "as mention of themselves go," "unworth his notice," "vividity," the meaning of *Qui* [sic] *bono?*—become matters of international importance. Two prophecies, one political, one literary, in which Mr. Rideing indulges, are not without interest. Howells's "An Ambitious Woman," now neglected, "may turn up in the time to come when revolution has thrown this republic into the hands of a dictator, and the excesses of the dictator have led to a constitutional monarchy." "I admire Mr. Wells for both the trenchant simplicity of his style, its ease and grace, its honesty, its unlabored and tranquil movement—'Strong without rage; without o'erflowing full'—and for the profundity of his insight into human nature, and I predict that his works will long outlast those of most of his contemporaries in fiction."

"Roughing It in Southern India," by Mrs. M. A. Handley (Longmans), embodies the unusual experiences of the wife of a British forest officer, whose duties take him from the ordinary stations at any time into dense jungles, along the margins of malarial swamps, and past villages decimated by smallpox or cholera. The life had its fascinations, as these pages amply testify. It would be difficult to find elsewhere so graphic an account of the sports peculiar to the region, and, viewed merely as a contribution to the chapter of animal intelligence, the author's observations of the behavior of tigers, elephants, bisons, and snakes were well worth communicating. She more than confirms all that other travellers have told us about the skill of the elephant in a timber-yard and as a feller of trees, and says much that is pertinent as to the futile measures of the British Government for the capture of the man-eating tiger. The gradual increase of the reward for the slaying of a particularly vicious monster has, it seems, only the effect of making the natives postpone their efforts at capture until the highest offer has been reached. In her opinion, the danger to Europeans from snake-bites has been much exaggerated. "In all the years I spent in India," she says, "never, to my remembrance, did I hear of an authenticated case of death from snake-bite among Europeans." Good judgment and a little skill easily avert danger. Among the weirdest experiences is the hair-breadth escape of the population of an entire district from inoculation, owing to the mistake of an official, with lymph taken from the most leprous village in southern India. A messenger arrived in breathless haste just as Mrs. Handley and her husband were preparing for the operation. Of the more peaceful aspects of a forest officer's life in India, less is told than would have been useful, considering that his duties include the planting of new tracts, the conserving of forests, the supplying of timber for the trades, and the collecting of spices, silk, cotton, turpentine, etc.; nor are the cities visited—Calicut, Coimbatore, and others—more than mentioned. True to its title, the book is concerned mainly with adventures, and supplies them in abundant measure and with considerable literary skill.

The Minnesota Historical Society has always been greatly interested in the archæology and ethnology of the State. This has been largely due to the prominence in its councils of three men, Alfred J. Hill, T. H. Lewis and J. V. Brower. These three men collected, during the course of many years, material for a survey of the Indian remains of the region. They themselves never published a complete account of their researches, but their results are now published by the Historical Society in a volume entitled, "The Aborigines of Minnesota," which is edited by N. H. Winchell. The volume is illustrated with thirty-six half-tone page prints, innumerable folded maps, and figures inserted in the text. Its 761 pages are replete with information upon the natives of Minnesota, and contain without doubt the most exhaustive study that has ever been made of the Dakota and Ojibwa Indians. Here are found elaborate accounts and maps of the various Indian mounds, and a full discussion of Indian life with illustrations of the implements and utensils. The volume sets a high standard in this line of investigation for other Western societies.

"Social Historians" (Badger), by Harry A. Toulmin, jr., is an enthusiastic consideration of the Southern novelists, Page, Cable, Craddock, Allen, and Harris. Why the word social is used in the title doth not appear from the treatment. No analysis of the society depicted in the fiction of those writers gives the book unity. No divination of the distinctive qualities of Southern civilization or of its "historians" disturbs the eclectic process of the author's thought. Nor does any fastidious regard for logic preside over the elaboration of his phrases or his choice of figures of speech.

The publication of "The Classical Pa-

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pers of Mortimer Lamson Earle" (Columbia University Press) reminds us of the loss to the cause of classical learning in this country when Professor Earle died in 1905 at the age of forty. His scholarship was of a type that has always been rare in America. Though his first love was archæology, and he seemed always most at home in Greece, his chief work was done in textual criticism and the interpretation of obscure words and phrases, and, as those who knew him will remember, his mind was usually intent on some question of this sort, as a mathematician's is absorbed by some delicate problem. He would probably have found an English University, where such questions are constantly under discussion, more congenial than our academic atmosphere where the science of emendation has been rather neglected; and if one were to look for his like in our day, one would find him most akin to an English scholar, the late Walter Headlam of Cambridge. Euripides was his favorite, and one of the best of these studies is devoted to tracing echoes of the "Medea" in the "Trachiniæ" of Sophocles. His editions of the "Alcestis" and "Medea" are admirable pieces of work. Some of these papers are written in Latin, which Mr. Earle preferred to English in the discussions in his Seminar at Columbia, and always recommended for dissertations. He made no concessions to the modern tendency to take the drudgery of the classics for granted as having been done for us, or as being done, by the Germans, leaving us free to discuss what is "literary" and "interesting." For him the study of the classics was an exact science, and he neglected no branch of philology or archæology that might contribute to his equipment. The papers before us range over a wide field and are a lasting monument of which any scholar might be proud. The Introduction, by the late Professor Ashmore, is a well-written appreciation of Mr. Earle's personality and scholarship. The frontispiece is an excellent portrait of Mr. Earle, and there is a good reproduction of the statue, probably of Dionysus, which he discovered at Sicyon when he was only twenty-five. In an Appendix is a bibliography of Mr. Earle's editions and contributions to the classical journals and a few original poems and translations. The marginal notes in his books were usually written in modern Greek, and a specimen is given here of his Greek script, which has been justly called "more beautiful than Porson's." The whole volume will be read with the mixture of admiration and regret with which one contemplates the too brief career of one who is best described in the old-fashioned phrase "scholar and gentleman."

For many years the late Philip Schaff's "Creeds of Christendom," in three volumes, has been a standard work. The Rev. Dr. William A. Curtis of the University of Aberdeen is the author of "A History of Creeds and Confessions of Faith" (Scribner), which, in one volume, supplies the text of the ancient ecumenical symbols, summarizes the teaching of the later and less important creeds, and recites the history and fortunes of all official statements of doctrinal belief. The volume is comprehensive, including the articles of religion of the Mormons, the Salvation Army, and the Christian Scientists, with a chapter on religious formulas of non-Christian bodies. Such a work demands painstaking scholarship, in which Dr. Curtis is not lacking. He is judicial and fair, and in philosophic insight excels his predecessor, Dr. Schaff. It may be said that disproportionate space is allowed to the dogmas of the smaller and less significant religious bodies, but, on the other hand, one valuable feature of the volume is the ready information it offers regarding the beliefs of religious organizations whose authoritative utterances are not usually accessible. The concluding chapter, on Subscription and Its Ethics, is written with generous appreciation, both of the right of a church to maintain a creed, and the difficult duty of the individual to be loyal at the same time to the institution he has pledged to serve, and to his reverence for truth in a progressive age. One lays down a survey of the creeds of the Christian centuries with a feeling of regret at their necessity, like that ascribed to Hilary of Poitiers:

> Faithful souls would be contented with the word of God, which bids us "Go, teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." But also we are drawn by the faults of our heretical opponents to do things unlawful, to scale heights inaccessible, to speak out what is unspeakable, to presume where we ought not.

The Insel-Verlag of Leipzig has just issued what will be recognized by scholars as the definitive edition of the famous correspondence between Schiller and Goethe ("Der Briefwechsel zwischen Schiller und Goethe," 3 vols.). The first two volumes contain the text of the letters, published from the original manuscripts, so far as these were accessible, most of them being in the Goethe and Schiller Archives in Weimar. The revision of the text is the work of Prof. Hans Gerhard Gräf, whose careful comparison of the original letters with the printed editions resulted in the discovery of a large number of incorrect readings in the latter. To be sure, the new readings are not of far-reaching significance, but it was hardly to be expected that at this late date an editor would find his predecessors guilty of so many small oversights. Most of the errors were discovered in the printed text of Schiller's letters. The third volume, the work of Prof. Albert Leitzmann of the University of Jena, is devoted to a full commentary and a comprehensive index. Leitzmann's notes, embodying, as they do, a large number of gleanings from his own researches, together with the results of other scholars' investigations, make this annotated edition by far the most useful on the market. Now that the Weimar edition of Goethe is virtually completed, we may expect new and better editions of the other important Goethe correspondences.

A History of Inland Transport and Communication in England (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.), by Edwin A. Pratt, is the introductory volume in a series of books on the national industries of England. It is a detailed story of the development of transportation in its relation to industrial life and progress. No phase of the subject is neglected. Consideration is given to roads, rivers, canals, turnpikes, railways, tramways, and railless electric traction. Facilities for communication include pack-horses, wagons, stage-coaches, "flying" and mail-coaches, private carriages, posting, hackney coaches, cabs, omnibuses, cycles, motors, motor buses, and aeroplanes. The story is elaborately and at the same time entertainingly told. Mr. Pratt finds that, as in the United States, the turnpike system was defective, badly administered, and burdensome to the taxpayers, and yet that it brought about some improvement in the roads. The last of the turnpikes on public roads disappeared in England in 1896. With reference to the resuscitation of the English canals, the author takes the sound view that it would be an unprofitable expenditure of public funds which might better be used in lightening the burden of taxation on the railways and permitting them the more efficiently to serve the public. There is no defence for the policy, advocated in this country as well as in England, of constructing waterways that have little prospect of becoming highways of traffic, merely for the purpose of keeping railway rates down. Regulation can be accomplished in other ways more economically. Railway rates are high in England, but when the necessary investment is considered—the enormous cost of rights of way, which must be procured by private purchase, with no eminent domain privileges, the Parliamentary costs of procuring charters, and other expenses incidental to construction—the wonder from Mr. Pratt's point of view is that they are as low as they are. While in the future there will be developments in all rival methods of transportation, the author expects no formidable rivalry for the railway from either waterways, motor transport, or aerial locomotion. Electricity as a motive power may supersede steam to a considerable extent, especially for suburban traffic, but the railway will remain.

The death is reported from Santa Barbara, Cal., of Robert Cameron Rogers, at the age of fifty-two. He graduated from Yale in 1883, and was the author of "Wind in the Clearing, and Other Poems," "Will o' the Wasp," "Old Dorset," "Chronicles of a New York Country Side," "For the King, and Other Poems," and "The Rosary, and Other Poems."

Among those who perished in the wreck of the Titanic was William Thomas Stead, who is, perhaps, best known as the editor of the London *Review of Reviews*, and as the founder of an American journal of that name. He was born in 1849, and received only a rudimentary schooling. Mr. Stead was long active in the cause of peace. He founded and edited the weekly *War Against War*, attended the Hague Conference, and strongly opposed the war with the Transvaal. He was also the author of a long list of books, among them "Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon," "The Truth About Russia," "If Christ Came to Chicago," "The Labour War in the United States," "A Study of Despairing Democracy," "The United States of Europe," "The Americanisation of the World," "and "The Last Will and Testament of Cecil John Rhodes."

Another victim of the Titanic disaster was Jacques Futrelle, whose life was cut off at the age of thirty-seven. After a brief education in the schools of Georgia, where he was born, he engaged in newspaper work, and, for a time, was a theatrical manager. Among the stories which bear his name are "The Chase of the Golden Plate," "The Thinking Machine," "The Simple Case of

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Susan," "Elusive Isabel," and "The Diamond-Master."

Dr. Yung Wing, scholar, statesman, and a pioneer in the movement which has resulted in a new China, is dead in Hartford, Conn. He was born in 1828 and graduated from Yale in 1854. In 1872-4 he brought 120 Chinese youths to the United States to be educated. In the *coup d'état* of 1898, by which the Empress Dowager got control of the Government, Yung Wing became allied with the reform party. Yale bestowed upon him in 1876 the degree of doctor of laws.

Bram (Abraham) Stoker, whose death is reported from London, was born in Dublin in 1858. He followed his father into civil service in Ireland, serving meanwhile as literary, art, and dramatic critic on several daily newspapers. In 1878 he became the business adviser of Henry Irving, when the latter took over the Lyceum Theatre, and enjoyed a close frindship with him for many years. Later he joined the literary staff of the London *Daily Telegraph*. He was a medallist of the Royal Humane Society. Besides "The Duties of Clerks of Petty Sessions in Ireland" and "Personal Reminiscences of Henry Irving," he wrote a number of novels which had a considerable vogue, among them "Under the Sunset," "The Snakes' Pass," "The Watter's Mou'," "Dracula," and "The Jewel of Seven Stars."

Science

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

WASHINGTON, April 18.

The annual spring meeting of the Academy was held at the National Museum on April 16, 17, and 18. The meeting, though well attended, showed an unusual dearth of papers by members of the Academy, only three being read out of six announced. This was compensated by a remarkably successful innovation: three addresses of about an hour each were delivered in Wednesday's public session by non-members, at the invitation of the Council.

In Tuesday's session, Prof. George E. Hale, director of the Mount Wilson Solar Observatory, described the new tower telescope of that observatory. The usual types of telescopes have been the refractor, consisting of a lens set in a tube mounted equatorially, that is, carried upon an axis parallel to that of the earth, and forming an image of the heavenly body that moves about, as the earth revolves, and, secondly, of a reflecting concave mirror similarly mounted, and forming likewise a moving image. In recent years fixed telescopes have been used, into which the light of the heavenly body is thrown by one or two mirrors, constituting a siderostat or coelostat, the latter of which is so ingeniously arranged that the image of the heavens not only stands still, but does not revolve as the earth turns. Of this sort is the horizontal telescope at Mount Wilson. There are also occasionally used fixed telescopes, by means of which a very brief event, like a solar eclipse, may be observed without disturbance due to the earth's rotation. But in order to do away with difficulties due to the rising of currents of heated air, the most satisfactory form of telescope is that designed by Mr. Hale, and consisting of a vertical tower, upon the top of which is carried the coelostat and the object lens, while the image is formed at the bottom near the ground, the rays travelling vertically downwards.

The new tower telescope, the second one built, is on a steel tower 165 feet high, of openwork construction, so devised that there is an inner tower which carries the optical parts, and is itself protected from the wind and heat and cold by an outer tower, carried on a totally independent foundation. Although the wind can blow through the whole structure, the telescope is remarkably steady. But the tower is not the only novelty. The work of the Solar Observatory is indicated by Mr. Hale's half-serious definition of a telescope as an instrument for forming an image of the sun or a star on the slit of a spectroscope. In other words, it is the latter instrument which gives the chief information regarding the structure of the heavenly body. In the present case the spectroscope is in a deep well below the tower, at the bottom of which is placed the grating for forming the spectrum, while the photographic plate upon which it is fixed is again at the surface of the ground. With this apparatus sun-spots may be as well photographed on any ordinary day as might have been done formerly during a solar eclipse, a rare and eagerly awaited event. Thus the remarkable magnetic effect of the solar vortices discovered by Mr. Hale, as well as the many characteristic features of the sun's surface, may be studied in great perfection.

California is a favored region for astronomy. While the Mount Wilson Observatory is chiefly interested in a particular star of the greatest importance, namely, our sun, the Lick Observatory has dealt with large numbers of other stars, and its director, W. W. Campbell, presented the results of his investigations of many years under the three titles: Radial velocities of 213 brighter Class A stars, radial velocities of 190 brighter Class F stars, and Some characteristics of stellar motions. By radial velocity is meant motion towards or away from us, and this well illustrates the difference between the old astronomy of position and the new astro-physics: the old astronomy cannot detect radial motion, as a star coming directly towards us does not seem to change its position in the heavens, and the telescope shows it as fixed. What the telescope can detect is the so-called proper motion, sidewise or up and down, that is, the relative motions of the stars with respect to one another. All that we can find in this way is the angular velocity of a star, as its actual velocity through space would depend on its distance away, which is unknown to us. The radial velocity is determined by the spectroscope, by means of the principle of Doppler, that a luminous body approaching us has the lines of its spectra displaced towards the blue, while one receding has them oppositely displaced towards the red. So great is the possible accuracy of measurement of the spectrum lines that the velocity of the star may be ascertained to one part in one hundred and fifty thousand. One of the most beautiful applications of this method is the determination of the orbits of stars that the spectroscope shows to be double, moving about their common centre of gravity, the motions being indicated by the periodic displacement of the spectral lines. Previous to 1900 only one in thirty-six of all catalogued stars was known to be double, but now by the aid of the spectroscope we know that one in every four is double. Professor Campbell shows how the radial velocities vary with the stage of evolution of the stars, and concludes that as the stars grow older their velocity increases, at first slowly, and later rapidly. He also believes that he has confirmed the theories of Poincaré and George Darwin on the generation of double stars by fission and subsequent separation.

W. J. Humphreys of the United States Weather Bureau presented a paper on the timely subject of "Holes in the Air," a term introduced by the aviator, who sometimes falls into them with disastrous results. These he classified as aerial fountains, or uprushes of air above a heated hill, like the hot air rising from a chimney; aerial cataracts or cascades, where the air, blowing against a mountain flows over it and falls rapidly on the farther side; aerial strata, with billows at the surface of discontinuity in the current, and aerial torrents of cold air flowing down valleys. Inasmuch as the support of an aeroplane depends solely on the relative velocity of the plane and the air, an aviator flying in a certain stratum may descend into one where the motion of the air is the same as his own motion, he thus loses his means of sustention and falls. In the other forms described he may be upset.

On Wednesday the members of the Academy and the public were entertained and instructed by three discourses of some length by non-members invited by the Council. Dr. Harvey Cushing of the Johns Hopkins Hospital presented in a most lucid manner some observations on the functions of the pituitary body. This is a small gland of about the size of a pea, situated in almost the centre of the head, just behind the

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nasal cavity, and very difficult of access. It may be seen on X-ray photographs, and some idea obtained of whether or not it is of the proper size. Dr. Cushing has shown that this, like other ductless glands of the body (that is, glands discharging not externally, but into the circulation), produces chemical results that affect the general organization, so that no one of them can be removed without upsetting the whole chemical balance. If the secretion of this gland is insufficient, or if it is removed, the subject shows loss of temperature, slow pulse, and a state of almost coma. He refuses to develop, and remains infantile, while nourished to a state of obesity. At the same time the field of vision is greatly narrowed, owing to pressure exerted on the optic nerve. In the case of glandular overactivity, the opposite symptoms are found, namely, overgrowth, so that a state of gigantism, which may be found in a whole family, may supervene. All these facts were demonstrated by many most interesting and hideous lantern-slides. Dr. Cushing's remarkable clinical and experimental skill was highly complimented.

Dr. J. A. Holmes of the United States Bureau of Mines read a paper on "The National Phases of the Mining Industry," in which he pointed out the tardy action of the States, and showed the peril which we risk of the exhaustion of our coal.

Dr. C. G. Abbot, director of the Astrophysical Observatory of the Smithsonian Institution, delivered a most interesting lecture on the "Solar Radiation," describing the work of that Observatory, first under Langley and then under himself, in determining the value of the solar constant, that is, the amount of heat received by us from the sun. This involves a study of the distribution of heat in the different parts of the spectrum, by means of Langley's wonderfully sensitive bolometer, an electric thermometer which is passed successively through the spectrum. As an important by-product of this investigation we find how nearly the sun acts like a hot *black* body, that is, one that radiates all colors equally well, and also find the temperature of the sun to be about 6,000 degrees centigrade. The main part of the work, however, consists in measuring the heat that falls on a given area of surface by means of the pyrheliometer, which in Abbot's form consists of a disk of silver of the size of a dollar, suitably screened, and containing a thermometer, whose rate of rise measures the heat received. This must be done not only at sea-level, but at various altitudes, and has been carried out on the summit of Mount Whitney, three miles high, the highest point in the United States; on the top of Mount Wilson, one mile high, and finally in Algeria. All this is necessary in order to find out how much heat is absorbed by the atmosphere before reaching us. The most remarkable result of the observations, which have occupied above ten years, is that the heat received from the sun is not constant, but varies from year to year or from month to month; in other words, the sun is a variable star. Abbot's result is that we receive per minute enough heat to warm two grammes of water one degree centigrade on each square centimetre of area. For these researches Abbot last year was awarded the Barnard medal.

At the business session on Thursday the following were elected members of the Academy: Robert Williams Wood, professor of physics, Johns Hopkins; Roland Thaxter, professor of botany, Harvard; Charles Benedict Davenport, director of the Station for Experimental Evolution, Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y.; William Morton Wheeler, professor of entomology, Harvard; Samuel James Meltzer, physiologist, Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, New York; Harry Fielding Reid, professor of geophysics, Johns Hopkins; David White, palæobotanist, United States Geological Survey; John Jacob Abel, professor of pharmacology, Johns Hopkins.

The Academy now consists of 124 members, including these.

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.

Science books in Putnam's list include: "The Fine Points of Auction Bridge, together with an Exposition of the New Count," by Florence Irwin; "Astronomy in a Nutshell," by Garrett P. Serviss; in the Cambridge County Geographies series, "West London," "Oxfordshire," and "Breconshire"; "A Beginner's Star-Book," by Kelvin McKready; "Microbes and Toxins," by Dr. Etienne Burnet of the Pasteur Institute, with an introduction by Elie Metchnikoff, and the following volumes of the Cambridge University Press: "Principia Mathematica," by Alfred North Whitehead, Vol. II; "Differential Geometry of Curves and Surfaces," by A. R. Forsyth, and "Physical Geogaphy for South Africa," by Alexander L. Du Toit.

In "A Practical Handbook of Trees, Shrubs, Vines, and Herbaceous Perennials" (Ballard Co.), by John Kirkgaard, more than 100 pages of the 400 are given to fine illustrations of selected plants and to sketches of plans for planting. These are excellent both in artistic effect and in mechanical execution. The last fifty pages contain sensible directions in regard to the management of garden plants and their defence from insect pests. The entire body of the book between these two valuable parts is given up to a catalogue of plants adapted to our northern conditions. The nomenclature is correct and the information, such as it is, is trustworthy, but we fail to see what advantage this section of the volume possesses over any of the first-class catalogues which now flood the market. In fact, some of the catalogues give more detailed and more specific instructions regarding the cultivation of the different species. Therefore our commendation of this book must be confined to the pictures and the elementary hints. The improved photographic processes for engraving have revolutionized horticultural illustrations, and charming plates now replace everywhere the crude and yet costly wood-engravings of a few years ago. Some of the engravings in this volume are among the most effective which we have yet seen.

A vivid idea of the mental and physical energy which is expended in the preparation of cinematographic films is given by Frederick A. Talbot in "Moving Pictures, How They Are Made and Worked" (Lippincott). Every side of life is graphically caught and no one in a public place can be sure that later he will not see himself thrown upon the screen as a part of a plot designed by some enterprising picture man. The most interesting part of the book explains the devices by which moving pictures produce illusion. That dummies are freely used is, of course, well known, yet even so, there is need of the utmost ingenuity. A man is run over by a taxicab—apparently—has both his legs cut off, and in a moment is seen to hop to his feet as sound as ever; a woman swims like a true mermaid below the surface of the sea among the fishes; a ski runner flies through the air, collides with and demolishes a chimney, and proceeds unruffled; the spirit of nicotine jumps out a tobacco jar in the form of tiny fairy, etc. To produce all these effects, not only dummies are necessary, but often double exposure of the film, mirrors, and ingenious tricks in focussing. Many extraordinary pictures are worked out in theatres, specially constructed, but when possible, scenes from real life are preferred, and as a result, machines have been set up in every corner of the globe. While a lion charges or a sandstorm comes in from the desert, the operator is supposed to turn the crank unmoved. By means of the microscope or the X-ray, often both, in conjunction with the camera, pictures have been obtained of the digestive processes in human beings, of the habits of insects, besides a great variety of seeming magic. Precisely what will be limits of the moving picture show, as time goes on, Mr. Talbot does not venture to state, but the reader gathers that its tremendous vogue just now, together with the enormous amount of thought devoted to it by experts the world over, may lead to as yet unimaginable achievements. Its inroads into the popularity of ordinary drama, the author believes, can be demonstrated, and he cites the fact that many former playwrights have taken to furnishing plots exclusively to picture-show managers.

Felix Benedict Herzog, inventor and artist, died on Sunday in New York at the age of fifty-two. For his inventions, among which were improvements in telephone switchboards and police and fire calls, he received medals at several international expositions. His work as a painter was not so well known.

Dr. Paul Caspar Freer, director of the United States Government Scientific Bureau in the Philippines, died in Beguio, P. I., a week ago. He was born in Chicago in 1862, and after graduating from Rush Medical College of that city, he studied in Germany and England; later he taught general chemistry at Tufts College and the University of Michigan. He

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received an appointment to the Philippines in 1901, and assumed his latest position in 1905. He was the author of two books and many treatises on chemistry.

Drama

Three Comedies. By Ludvig Holberg. Translated from the Danish by Lieut.-Col. H. W. L. Hime. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25 net.

In these three comedies, Col. Hime gives us the first approach to respectable English versions of any of Holberg's plays. In view of recent English and American interest in modern Scandinavian literature, the complete neglect of the most popular of Danish writers is a bit extraordinary. He has doubtless seemed hitherto too distinctively national to deserve translation. Yet Germany adopted his comedies early in the eighteenth century, and to-day he remains one of the lesser German classics. Modern readers of English ought to enjoy no less his hearty wholesome humor.

Col. Hime's work, unhappily, is not in all particulars a thoroughly good introduction to Holberg. His selection of plays is unfortunate. As he hints in his preface, he has not chosen to translate three of Holberg's best. "Captain Bombastes Thunderton" ("Diderich Menschenskraek") is one of his least original comedies, being a rather faithful copy of the Latin play "Pseudolus." It contains, therefore, little of Holberg's comic invention. "Henry and Pernilla" ("Henrich og Pernille") gives only a little better idea of his peculiar comic skill. It is a conscious imitation of French comedies of intrigue and is definitely related to Le Grand's "L'Epreuve réciproque." The third play, "Scatterbrains"—an unhappy translation of the title, "Den Stundeslöse"—represents Holberg's work best. It is at least a comedy of character, the form in which he achieved his greatest success. But even it gives few of those realistic pictures of Danish peasant and bourgeois life which make "Jeppe of the Hill" ("Jeppe paa Bjerget"), "Erasmus Montanus," and "The Political Tinker" ("Den Politiske Kandestöber"), acknowledged as Holberg's best plays.

Furthermore, the translator's misconception of certain of the characters leads him badly astray. Of the petulant perfunctory anger of Leonora, Holberg's colorless equivalent of the Amorosa of the Commedia dell' Arte, Col. Hime says (p. 37, note), "The spirit of the heroines of the Völsunga Saga breathes in these lines." A more completely misleading critical remark could hardly have been made. He might with more truth have called Congreve's Millamants and Fainalls strayed Valkyrie. Because of the same failure to comprehend the comic values of characters, he makes many unsuccessful translations. Arv, who is nothing but Pierrot turned Danish chore boy and barnyard lout, is made to talk as follows, "I knew not that you were other than honest" (p. 5). Pernille, the saucy maid servant, who says in Danish, "Mit Hierte staar i min Hals," says in English, "The beating of my heart forbids me to say more" (p. 16). Translations of this sort occur frequently. The characters all talk in the translator's dignified English idiom. In this way, they lose their native individuality; and the comedies themselves are deprived of half of their point and fun. For these reasons, it is unfortunate that Holberg's plays could not have been introduced to English readers by a more competent critic and a more skilful literary artist.

The delegates of the Clarendon Press have done good service to the cause of Shakespearean studies in authorizing the preparation and issue of "The Oxford Shakespeare Glossary" (Frowde), by C. T. Onions. The work is based primarily on the materials for the study of the poet's language which are offered by the "Oxford English Dictionary," now approaching completion, but the author has been on the editorial staff of that great enterprise for fifteen years, so that the Glossary is not a mere compilation as it might otherwise have been. Besides, he has, of course, availed himself of all outside aids. The result is the best Shakespeare glossary of moderate compass, we believe, now on the market. One may observe especially the careful noting of meanings of words that are peculiar to Shakespeare, as compared with his contemporaries, as also of those that are first exemplified in his writings or the Elizabethans generally, and the attention which the author gives to the question of the relation of Shakespeare's vocabulary to the dialects, especially the dialect of Warwickshire, the poet's native country—still further, the inclusion of obsolete or technical terms that occur only in stage directions. A considerable number of the articles constitute new contributions of value to Shakespearean interpretation. Altogether, Mr. Onions's book is full of instruction, not only for the general reader, but for the professional scholar.

"The Heralds of the Dawn" (Lane), a play in eight scenes, by William Watson, is a charming bit of dramatic fancy, although unfortunately it is not well suited to actual stage representation. Ascribed to "the morrow of antiquity," it is a poetic romance with modern applications. The King of Ideonia, fearful for his dynasty, is anxiously awaiting the return of his General Volmar, who has been warring against a neighboring monarch, Othgar. His subjects burdened by taxation are stirring in revolt. Presently Volmar appears in triumph, laden with spoils, and it is announced that the most grievous taxes will be remitted. But the victorious Volmar is assassinated by a stranger, Abbo, on the palace steps, and all public rejoicings are forbidden. Again discontent prevails, and Brasidas, the leader of the mob, is meditating an attack upon the prison, when he is warned by a seeress, Zoraya, to wait. "Let time work," she says, "slowly the spirit of the world itself is bringing to the birth all thou didst dream, and with thee or without thee shall thy cause prevail." Then Abbo is brought to trial, and is defended by the King's son, Hesperus, who argues that the prisoner, a subject of Othgar, was justified in killing Volmar, who had violated his daughter, as peace had not been formally declared between the two nations. But neither the judge nor the King will admit the validity of the plea, the latter invoking the curse of the gods upon himself if he should pardon the man. Then Hesperus tells how Abbo had saved his life long ago, and he had pledged his honor to serve him in his need. Here Zoraya calls upon the King to abdicate and make way for a successor, "who hath not yet pledged him to cast out mercy." Thereupon the conscience-stricken King swallows poison, and Hesperus succeeding sets the prisoner free. The tale is naught, the telling everything. Mr. Watson's blank verse is exquisite. Occasionally it is finely pictorial, as in the King's description of a coming storm, but the distinctive character is the compact smoothness of its pregnant phrasing. His prose has the robust Elizabethan quality with point and humor. The relation is rapid, the personages vital, and such political references as bear a present moral are charged with the spirit of broad and enlightened humanity.

Marie Tempest has begun her season at the London Prince of Wales's in "At the Barn," a sentimental comedy by Anthony P. Wharton. She also has a new four-act play by Jerome K. Jerome, a comedy by Harold Chapin, a play by Mrs. George Norman, and a light comedy by Ellie Norwood.

"Improper Peter" is the title of a new three-act comedy by Monckton Hoffe, which Arthur Bourchier has just produced in London. It is intimated that the character of the play is not to be judged hastily by the title.

The Association of Spanish Dramatists, which includes also composers, makes public the royalties received by its various members. It is shown that in 1911 the amount received by the twenty-eight most popular dramatists and composers in Spain ranged from 8,000 to 116,000 pesetas ($3,240 to $20,880), and that the aggregate received by these twenty-eight was 1,081,000 pesetas ($194,580). Taking into consideration the small royalties paid and the relatively small number of theatres in Spain as compared with the United States, the popularity of some of the pieces that brought their authors more than $20,000 a year may be estimated.

It is the setting, rather than the acting, according to a London journal, which renders Sir Herbert Tree's revival of "Othello" memorable:

> The fifteenth-century costumes, fabrics, and armor; the glimpses of Venetian waterways; the effects of a storm and sunshine at sea in the first Cyprus scene; the gleam of stars as they show through the entrance of Desdemona's bedroom—these impress the spectator with a sense of their beauty and fitness. But his feelings are not harrowed to the extent they should be by the tragedy he witnesses.

Sir Herbert Tree, it appears, has taken his usual liberties with the text, curtailing and transposing at will.

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Music

Organ Playing: Its Technique and Expression. By A. Eaglefield Hull. Boston Music Co. $2 net.

The Organ Accompaniment of the Church Services. By H. W. Richards. Boston Music Co. $1.50.

Sound in Its Relation to Music. By Clarence G. Hamilton. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.25.

Is the organ a relic of mediævalism, or is it destined in the future to play as important a part as it did before the last century? That it lost ground during that century is not to be denied; that this decadence, however, cannot but be transient is the firm opinion of A. Eaglefield Hull. He is an Oxford doctor of music, and, judged by his book, one of the most expert and best-informed organists in England. Already, he declares, the tide has turned; we are on the eve of a great renaissance, which has been heralded by many delightful modern works in England as well as on the Continent. His book is a trumpet call to organists the world over to gird up their loins and recover lost ground. It is very much more than that, too; a book like this, which deals briefly and yet thoroughly, with the principal technical as well as æsthetic problems of organ playing, has long been a desideratum. A glance at the past and at the probable future is followed by chapters on the construction of the organ, on touch, on fingering, pedalling, phrasing, tone-color, application of tone-color, ornaments, style, methods in study—all of which cannot be commended too highly to organists, be they professional or amateur, beginners or veterans. Nothing, apparently, has escaped the author's eye; there are more than 180 musical illustrations, from the works of the earliest composers for the organ through Bach, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Guilmant, Widor, Smart, Stainer, to Max Reger, Karg-Elert, Paul Ertel, Joseph Bonnet, and some English composers of the day who are presenting entirely new phases of organ music. Points of rest for the reader are provided by a number of full-page pictures of famous English organs.

Brilliant executants and charming colorists are plentiful among organists of our time, but the number is not so large of those who have acquired the art of appealing to the understanding and feelings at the same time by means of intelligent and artistic phrasing. A great deal of damage has been done to the organ by those who persist in regarding the "treacly" style as the *haute école* of playing, a style which brings it dangerously near that of the barrel-organ grinder. These musicians are largely responsible for the decadence referred to, for their method produces "dead-level" tones which soon pall on the ear, as does the performance of an actor or orator who pays no heed to sense, stops, or scansion. Of particular value are the author's remarks on what is the greatest difficulty the organist has to contend with—that of attaining rhythmic incisiveness. He also grapples successfully with the problem of coloring, incidentally cautioning players against the common mistake of applying modern color to antique scores. On rubato he discourses sensibly, but ends with a false note by repeating the absurd old maxim that "any accelerando must be followed in its proper place by a slight retardation." In discussing touch he does not share the opinion of those who hold that organists should avoid the piano. On the contrary, he thinks that the greater part of an organist's keyboard technique should be acquired at the pianoforte. "All the finest organists, both of the past and present times, have been and are almost equally good as pianists."

One of the most valuable features of the book is a classified list of pieces, from the easiest to the most difficult; another, a collection of recital programmes. One is glad to see the names of two Americans in the list of composers from whom illustrations are borrowed—Buck, who is represented by a sonata, and MacDowell, by Humiston's effective arrangement of the dirge from the Indian Suite. Lizst, also, has at last been discovered in England! Dr. Hull cites several of his works for organ, which he calls "important" and commends for the allurements of their improvisational form, which does not prevent them from being "thoroughly consistent."

In Dr. Richards's volume on "The Organ Accompaniment of the Church Services," the diverse accomplishments required of an organist are described in turn—such as Reading at Sight, Score-Reading, Reading from a Figured Bass, and Transposition. The rest of the book is concerned with rules for the accompanying of hymns, psalms, responses, oratorios, etc. Of particular value is an appendix containing a short analysis of the psalms, with hints as to the sentiments the player should contrast. Another appendix is concerned with marriage, funeral, and other services. The author has great faith in the educational efficacy of an organist who knows how to accompany properly: "A carefully trained choir, with a sympathetic accompanist, will have a wonderful influence on a mass of people. They will soon learn to sing, the choir leading, and in course of time will even pay regard to pace and expression." He recommends "dogged persistence" to the organist in case of misunderstandings between him and the singers, who, in the end, "will generally give way."

In view of the great vogue music has always enjoyed in religious as well as secular life, it is strange that the men of science were so slow in explaining the phenomena of hearing. It was not till 1862 that Helmholtz published his "Sensations of Tone." Much has been done since, and there was need of a text-book summing up the results achieved to the present day. Such a book has been provided by Prof. Clarence G. Hamilton of Wellesley College. Its title indicates that the properties of sound are considered in it chiefly in their relation to music, and that it therefore appeals to organists, pianists, and other musicians who realize that they cannot be complete masters of their art unless they know something about fundamentals. The author has shown remarkable skill in condensing the main facts into 150 pages; and his style is so clear, his illustrations, both literary and pictorial, so well chosen, that nothing remains obscure. Among the topics discussed are the origin and transmission of sound; velocity, reflection, refraction, and diffraction; pitch, loudness, interference, and resultant tones; quality; resonance; scales, intervals, and chords; the ear and the voice; musical instruments. Among the many things explained are the echo, the phonograph, the telephone, the anatomy and physiology of the ear. Particular attention must be called to pages 104-105, on which Professor Hamilton makes some remarks on the adequacy of equal temperament which it would be well for those to ponder who would place mathematics above both æsthetics and convenience in the practice of music:

> Unquestionably the opening of the door to unrestricted shifting of tonality has been the cause of the wonderful advance in musical expression during the past two centuries; and in view of this development the slight deviation, scarcely perceptible even to expert ears, of the equally tempered scale from the theoretical tones seems almost negligible.

A book of interest to all music students has just been issued by Arthur P. Schmidt; it contains the lectures delivered by America's foremost composer, Edward MacDowell, at Columbia University, and appears under the title "Critical and Historical Essays."

In response to inquiries and requests from cities throughout the country, the Russell Sage Foundation of New York is now giving out a pamphlet containing practical suggestions for formulating celebrations. This brochure, "Suggestions for Celebrations of the Fourth of July by Means of Pageantry," has been written and prepared by William Chauncey Langdon of the Sage Foundation, who composed and directed the Thetford (Vt.) pageant last summer. Mr. Langdon has covered as thoroughly as possible the pageantry and dramatic ideas, and has formulated two ideas for celebrations, a "ceremony" and a pageant. He has laid strong emphasis on

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music, and at his request Arthur Farwell has contributed an article on the musical possibilities of the celebrations. This book will go out very broadly to mayors of cities, Fourth of July committees, clubs, and all who are interested.

Now that Gustav Mahler is dead, the Germans are beginning to play his symphonies. One can hardly pick up a musical journal without noting a performance of one of them somewhere. While these symphonies are not as inspired as those of Tchaikovsky and Dvorák, they are quite as good as the oft-heard works of Brahms and Richard Strauss. Mahler's songs also are coming into vogue. Edyth Walker, for instance, sang at a recent recital in Berlin Mahler's "Ich atmete einen Linden Duft," "Ich bin der Welt," "Liebst auch um Schönheit," "Wer hat dies Liedlein erdacht." The Gustav Mahler Endowment Fund for Needy Musicians has already reached the sum of 60,000 kronen. The widow of the composer, Dr. Richard Strauss, and Ferruccio Busoni, belong to the Board of Trustees. In a Frankfurt performance of Mahler's Eighth Symphony, 2,000 persons will participate.

The London Opera House will open its doors for a twelve weeks' summer season on April 22. The operas announced for the first week are "Romeo et Juliette," "La Favorita," and "Mignon." Other operas to be produced are Massenet's "Don Quichotte," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," by Nicolai, and Joseph Holbrook's "Children of Don." Among the additional artists engaged are: Jeanne Kerlor, soprano, from the Biarritz Opera; Augusta Doria, contralto, from the Paris Grand Opera; Jean Buyson, tenor, form the Moscow Imperial Opera; Jeanette Cornelli, soprano, and M. La Font, baritone. Felice Lyne and Orville Harold will be heard in the opening performance of "Romeo et Juliette." As chief conductor, Oscar Hammerstein has engaged Signor Ernaldi.

Henry Trotter (or Trotère), whose death is reported from England, was the composer of the songs, "The Deathless Army," "Asthore," and "Love Can Wait."

Art

Wood Sculpture. By Alfred Maskell, F.S.A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $7.50 net.

The bigness of this book, its letterpress containing more than 400 pages, should daunt neither the general reader nor the craftsman. It is stimulating reading. The scope is wide enough to give a conspectus of European art during three centuries of intense artistic activity. Though limiting himself to the single craft of carving the human figure in wood, Mr. Maskell has traced connections and relationships so broadly as to bring out the unity of all the arts of design in the Middle Ages and early Renaissance. Specialization had not gone far. The wood carver was also painter, engraver, or metal worker. The master builder was competent with mallet and chisel to show his head sculptor how a figure of Christ should be executed in oak or walnut. The painter followed the statue maker closely, coloring or tinting each piece to suit the conditions of an interior where, as M. Courajod has said, the paintings were often painted sculpture, the sculptures sculptured paintings. That the results of this unification were almost supremely good is, of course, a convention of the history of fine arts. Mr. Maskell quotes Ruskin, in a recently published letter as saying: "Neither Gilbert Scott nor anybody else can build Gothic or Italian. All real work in these styles depends primarily on mastery of figure sculpture." He also approves Rodin's dictum: "The aim of the Gothic artist was to fashion something that should have its full meaning and produce its full effect only in the place where it was to stand. They carved for the architecture, not for themselves." The reason for the author's own Gothic enthusiasm is expressed in such sentiments as this: "It is impossible to imagine that mediæval artists could tolerate the white marble statuary which forms such glaring contrasts with its surroundings in the Abbey Church of Westminster, or the chill regularity of the Madeleine in Paris."

Starting from this interest in Gothic polychrome statuary—a characteristic material of which was wood, though stone, ivory, and bronze were also used—Mr. Maskell tells a good story of the growth of the wood sculptor's art. It is mainly desirable that both sides of disputed questions shall be carefully summarized; this Mr. Maskell has done. In some instances he challenges all existing attributions. A particularly interesting case is that of two busts of Adam and Eve in the Victoria and Albert Museum, which half a century ago were attributed to Albert Dürer (who may or may not have been a wood sculptor), and which later scholarship has assigned to Tilman Riemenschneider, despite the fact that pear wood was not used in any work definitely known to be by this artist. Mr. Maskell accepts neither of these theories, contending that the busts "belong to a different age; to a movement, at least, with which there is no evidence to show that Riemenschneider was connected or even sympathetic." His instinct in general is unlike that of Dr. Bode, who unhesitatingly connects names and works of art.

The least satisfactory part of Mr. Maskell's book is the concluding chapter in which he tries to cover briefly and suggestively other developments of wood sculpture than those occurring in the three centuries which he has specifically investigated. Here was a chance to focus the reader's attention upon the very significant problem of the present relationship of wood-carving to architecture, at a time when a few craftsmen, trained mostly after German traditions, are filling churches and private houses with sculpture that technically, and to a certain extent in spirit, bears comparison with the average best workmanship of Nüremberg and Würzburg. This modern wood sculpture is necessarily eclectic. If patron and architect order Veit Stoss, the sculptor must be prepared to follow the methods of the carver of the vast retable at Cracow; if the Chicago millionaire admires Grinling Gibbons, the obedient craftsman studies plates and photographs of English work whose sculptural merits Mr. Maskell has rather inadequately characterized. During the present vogue of Japanese wood-carving, enthusiasm has grown among connoisseurs for the kind of carving, ancient or modern, in which an artist has consciously sought to retain the qualities of the wood itself, repudiating the former practice of painting and gilding every surface within reach of a brush. The difference between these two fundamental conceptions of wood sculpture Mr. Maskell indicates casually here and there; it has perhaps not impressed him as vital.

Esther Singleton will publish shortly, through Dodd, Mead & Co., "How to Visit the English Cathedrals."

Paul Elder & Co. have in the press "The Heritage of Hiroshige, a Glimpse at Japanese Landscape Art," by Dora Amsden in collaboration with John Stewart Happer.

"Les Artistes Lyonnais des origines jusqu' à nos jours," with 200 illustrations (Lyons: H. Lardanchet, 30 fr.), by Alphonse Germain, is limited to the city of Lyons, the second in France, not only in point of population, but in point of literary and artistic importance. Here art had already reached a high point in the eighteenth century; throughout the nineteenth its traditions were kept up, and nothing indicates that the twentieth will see a decline. The author, a Lyonese himself, has a first-hand knowledge of his subject. The moderation of his views and the numerous specimens adduced to support his comments seem sufficient evidence of his impartiality where living artists are concerned. All the names quoted are of artists formed at Lyons and impregnated with the local atmosphere and traditions. In many respects the work will be a revelation to art students. For if it is true that the fame of the sculptor Chinard, dear to Napoleon the First, has of late gained a new lustre; that the painter Ravier has come to his own by being admitted to the Louvre; that Carrand and Vernay are becoming familiar names to frequenters of exhibitions, as is also Francis Guiguet, recently added to a New York Collection, still, few people outside of Lyons are acquainted with Berjon, Grobon, Ponthus-Cinier or Dufraine, while Guichard, de Janmot, and Pézieux, all of whom are represented in some great Paris collections, have been virtually forgotten. Yet all of these artists have talent of a superior order, and some even a strongly pronounced individuality. Germain comments on their art with taste, knowledge, and an abundant documentation, drawn from the best sources.

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His clear, vivid style makes the reading of this book a delight even to the uninitiated. The numerous plates, some never published before, are executed with extreme care.

We are glad to print under Correspondence an appreciation by William A. Coffin of the artist, Francis Davis Millet, who died in the wreck of the Titanic. Mr. Millet was born in Mattapoisett, Mass., in 1846. After serving as a drummer and as an assistant contract surgeon in the Civil War, he entered Harvard and took his B.A. degree in 1869. He studied painting abroad and meanwhile served as correspondent for several newspapers, foreign as well as American. At one time or another he was secretary of the American Academy at Rome, of the American Federation of Arts, and Commissioner-General to the Tokio Exposition. He also received decorations from several countries. As an author he is remembered for three books: "Capillary Crime and Other Stories," "The Danube," and "Expedition to the Philippines."

Finance

A MEMORABLE WEEK.

Among all the varying aspects of last week's memorable ocean tragedy, not the least impressive and unusual incident connected with it was the virtual suspension of business, in a great part of the community, during the week when the details of the news were slowly coming in. There are calamities (such, for instance, as the San Francisco earthquake) which of themselves excite the Stock Exchange into great activity; but the unusual fact about the Titanic disaster, so far as regards the markets, was that it so completely concentrated all attention on one topic that it was impossible for the community even to give its attention to the ordinary routine of business.

To all practical intents, the Stock Exchange might have closed on Monday, April 15, and not have reopened until the present week. Before the information of that Monday morning was received, there had been two predictions on the Stock Exchange—one, that the exciting rise in prices would be promptly resumed, and the other, that the break of the preceding week would be continued. But the response of the market to the wireless messages was to stop in its tracks and give up its mind to news which had nothing to do with markets, but which so far superseded financial considerations as to make them repulsive even to the men in the customers' chairs of Wall Street commission houses. The same story came from all parts of the country; no one had heart, last week, to engage in his ordinary business activities. It was a not unimpressive illustration of the truth, frequently overlooked, that the making of money is sometimes not only the smallest of all considerations, but painfully out of touch with the real things of life, and of the further fact that there are some events which a stock market, the traditional mirror of a community's feelings and emotions, cannot pretend to reflect.

This instinctive and spontaneous attitude of the business community was possibly the most convincing witness of all to the magnitude of last week's calamity. It is often hard to judge events of this sort properly at close range, or to realize that the action which each of us, as a part of the community, pursues as a matter of course, is destined to be part of the history of the period. Nothing quite like the mood of the country and the mood of Wall Street, during the three days when the Carpathia was hurrying to New York, when the first false news that the Titanic was safe had circulated for one full day, when, after that had been denied, no definite information could be elicited by the wireless, and when the wildest rumors circulated from no determinable source—to be supplemented by the series of mad inventions which were sent out from responsible news agencies on Thursday night, in the two hours after the Carpathia had docked—has ever been witnessed in New York. It was altogether natural that the business world and the Stock Exchange should have ceased to concern themselves over what was happening in the affairs which ordinarily interest them. In doing so, they embodied the feeling of the community at large. They could not have done this in any other way.

This part of the episode will be remembered, like last week's calamity itself, as a distinctive chapter in the history of the period. It is more than half a century since such a response has been possible to the news of the day. Ocean tragedies have been numerous and sensational in the intervening decades, but the news of them has come almost invariably in one startling and comprehensive announcement, which became the talk of a day and was then laid aside for something else.

To parallel last week's story of four successive days when the atmosphere of dismay, suspense, uncertainty, and deepening horror hung over the entire business community, with all other news of the day forgotten in ordinary conversation and ignored even on the Stock Exchange, one would have to go back to the story of the ill-fated Arctic in 1854—an episode in which the final authentic news was received in New York city, fifteen days after the disaster, not only by half-masted flags and buildings draped in crape, but by the adjournment of courts and legislative bodies, the closing of the exchanges, the thronging of the people to the churches, and the general suspension of business. "The astounding calamity," wrote the newspapers of the day, "absorbed attention to the exclusion of every other consideration; business was neglected; the whole town bore on its outward features the evidence of mourning."

The Arctic, like the Titanic, was the newest ship of the translatlanic fleet. The Collins Line, to which the White Star subsequently succeeded, had already broken the ocean speed record, and the Arctic was bent on cutting it down still further. She sailed from Liverpool for New York on September 20, 1854, with 226 passengers on board, including on her list a host of names well known in the circles of New York and Europe—merchants, financiers, distinguished lawyers, and foreign diplomats. On September 27, off Cape Race, running at high speed in a fog, she struck an outbound vessel, and in four and a half hours went down. Of the passengers, only twenty-two were saved.

As in the episode of last week, the consternation of the New York community was heightened, not only by the magnitude of the disaster, nor even by the harrowing circumstances which turned out to have surrounded it, but by the slowness with which its full details came to public knowledge, the long uncertainty as to whether the last survivor had been heard from, the reassuring reports which presently proved to be unfounded, and the final discovery that the worst that had been rumored was true. In all these respects, nothing has happened on the sea in the fifty-eight ensuing years to match the tragedy of the Arctic or its effects on the people of New York, until last week.

So profound a stirring of the emotions of the public is never possible without some real and useful results. The loss of the Arctic, which, as the New York *Times* of 1854 declared, "has created a deeper sensation throughout the country than has ever before been witnessed," led the way to some necessary reforms. The newspapers and the public Legislatures drew their morals, then as now. One was "the necessity of better crews and more rigid discipline on board our ocean steamers," and that has certainly been attained since 1854. Another was that "this disaster comes from bullying fogs and waves for the pastime of seeing a steamer arrive in 9 days 37 minutes and 23 seconds from Liverpool." The Titanic has proved that this lesson, if it was a lesson of the Arctic disaster, has not yet been learned.

In that earlier calamity, the question of 50,000-ton ships, cabin lists of 2,000, and insufficient lifeboats had not yet been raised; and no one had been so bold as to assert the existence of "nonsinkable ships." The sequel was less far-reaching, therefore, in its effect on marine architecture, ocean steamship company management, and the whole problem of navigation under the auspices of immensely capitalized corporations, than it is certain to be in sequence to the story of the Titanic.

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